

1940/41

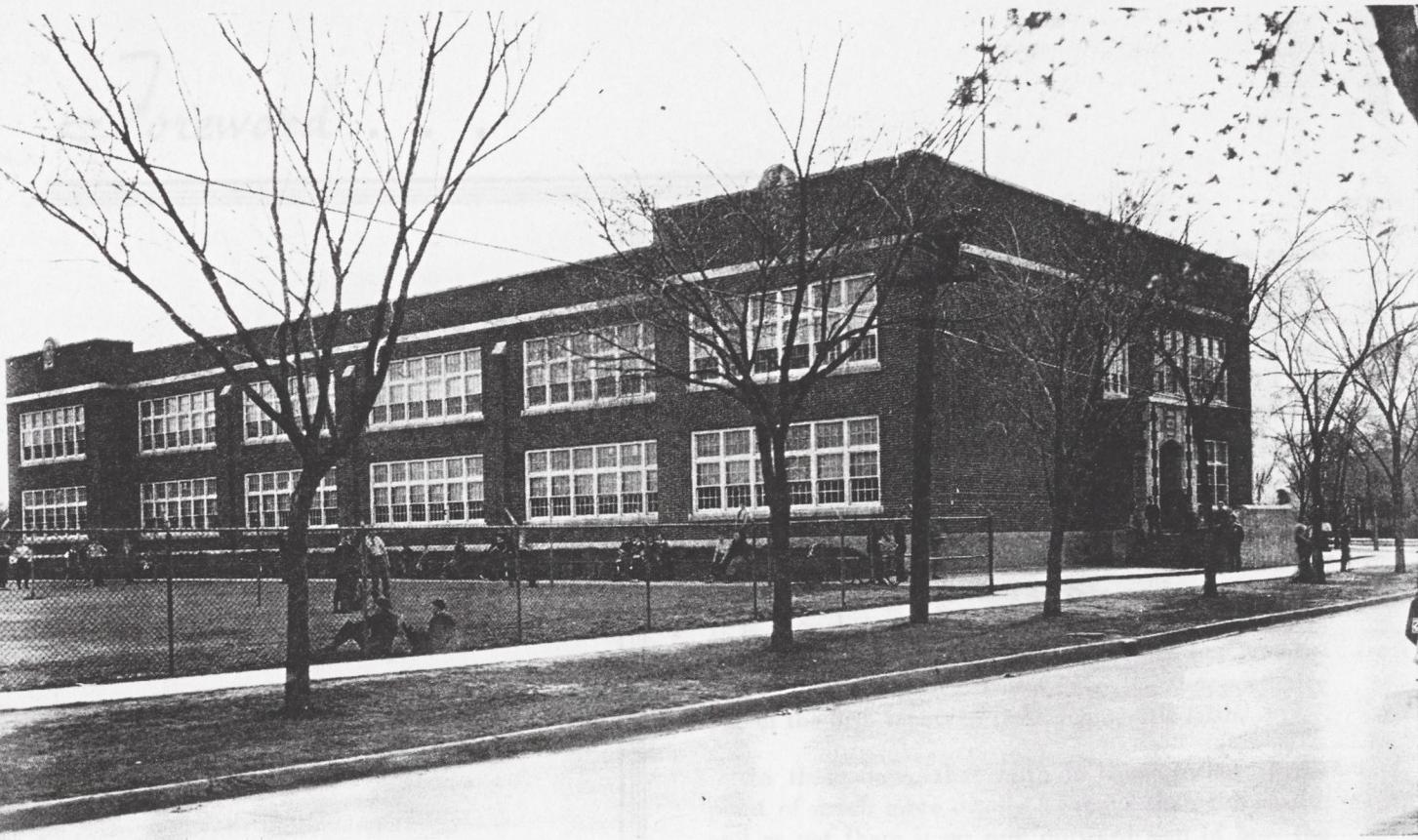
PURPLE *and* GOLD



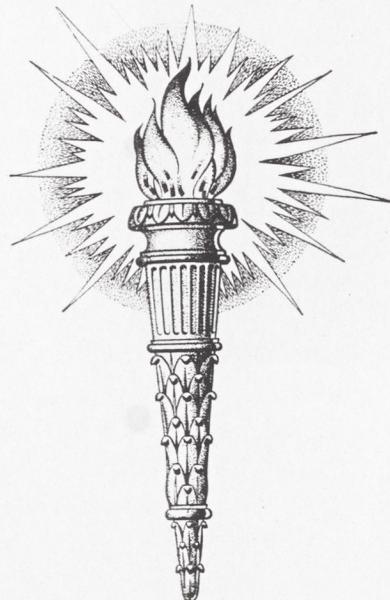
1940-41

MISS H. S. ROBERTSON

GORDON BELL LIBRARY



GORDON BELL HIGH SCHOOL, WINNIPEG



Dedication . . .

*under the shadow of the
present, we dedicate these
pages to the flame of a
war-free future . . .*

Foreword . . .

It is a privilege for which I am grateful to be asked to write a few words of greeting to this year's crop from the Gordon Bell tree. As one who has had a personal interest in that tree, along with other parents, I am sure I speak for them as well as for myself when I say that we all rejoice in the health and soundness of this particular tree in Winnipeg's educational orchard.

Perhaps I had better abandon this metaphor before I mix it badly or, pushing it too far, get to likening Mr. Jewitt to a trunk and talking about his bark—which is always worse than his bite, as you well know. It is enough to say that the Gordon Bell justifies in every way the vision of the pioneers of our country who made the equalization of educational opportunity one of the firm tenets of their democratic faith.

In these days, that faith is being tested at the point of much more deadly weapons than the sword, and as yet there is no sure outward sign of how the issue will lie. In this, as in every human crisis, the sure harbingers of victory lie deep within us in those convictions which focus around our sense of the meaning of life.

From the schools which our pioneer ancestors founded there must flow into the ranks of business, and of the learned and accomplished professions, a steady stream of young men and women who are not too sophisticated to cherish a purpose to build and to create, no matter how sadly the destroyer may wreck what their ancestors have achieved. I do not speak to you, then, of a "tottering civilization," because the march of Man proves that love is always stronger than death, and that the builder has never failed to triumph over the wrecker. I speak to you, rather, of great days that lie ahead and which, in the good providence of God, you will see. Your place in those days is sure. Nothing can take it away from you save an inward moral and spiritual failure on your own part. And, because this is so, I urge you only to look into the past so that you may see more clearly into the future, and only to contemplate the present with the firm determination to make tomorrow a new day.



Principal United College.

In Retrospect



O.V. Jewitt

O.V. Jewitt

In Retrospect . . .

GBS

Throughout the pages of this Year Book is a record of the varied activities, hopes and accomplishments of a group of young Canadians. There are tales of high courage, loyal co-operation, honest endeavour and willing acceptance of responsibility. During one of the most fateful years of our country's history, the Gordon Bell students have maintained the traditions of the school, and, through their initiative and resourcefulness, have pointed the way to wider avenues of service.

The members of the teaching staff have given cheerfully of their time and energy to the many increased demands during the year. The shortening of Class Periods to accommodate Cadets and Red Cross activities and the need for instruction and supervision in these activities added responsibilities to the teachers which they assumed willingly and enthusiastically. To them we extend our thanks.

The Student Council under the leadership of Glen Harrison and Winona Churchill merits a great deal of praise for ingenuity and originality in managing the enlarged school activities of this year.

The Athletic Council with Bill Toshack and Lucille Symes as its leaders has maintained the traditional Gordon Bell spirit of good sportsmanship. Behind both Councils has been a student body eager to aid in every project undertaken for the school and community.

This Year Book itself is a splendid example of co-operative effort and resourceful enterprise on the part of the editorial staff. Not only have they published a book comparable to other years, but have given us one new in design and greater in scope. Our heartiest congratulations go to Dave McKee, the editor-in-chief; Ted Brownell, the business manager; John Mackinnon, the advertising manager, and the other members of the staff.

Perhaps now, as never before, the war has emphasized the great need for an educated citizenry. The demands on young men and women in the fighting services and in war-time industries are similar to those made on you in your studies. From them, you have learned to concentrate, to persevere and to think clearly. These are characteristics of an intelligent individual. If you have acquired also a sense of loyalty, a willingness to co-operate, a disciplining of mind and body, not only are you a valued member of the Gordon Bell student body, but also a worthy citizen of Canadian democracy. This challenge to meet the demand of a democracy at war you have met courageously.

In our graduates of this year we are assured of representatives who will fulfill the obligations placed upon them.

O. V. J. Smith



Top Row—Miss F. E. IRWIN, Mr. R. C. GREEN, Miss A. C. MACTAVISH, Dr. A. W. PATRICK, Mr. W. MCINTYRE. Fourth Row—Mr. D. S. MCINTYRE, Mrs. E. B. HAY, Miss M. H. ANDERSON, Mr. H. M. BELL, Miss B. SMITH. Third Row—Miss H. S. ROBERTSON, Mr. W. A. FYLES, Miss E. FLANDERS, Mr. R. M. MOORE, Mr. L. E. WALKER. Second Row—Mr. C. S. GOW, Miss S. E. CARRUTHERS, Mr. G. E. WHITLAW, Miss L. SWANSON, Miss J. SPENCE. First Row—Mr. C. LEAVENS, Mr. F. W. SIMMS, Miss E. G. HEWTON, Mr. T. A. ARNASON, Miss L. KING, Mr. G. E. SNIDER.

Editorial . . .

GBS

He lay now, in despair and pain, with Death's foot on his neck: staring at the face beneath him in the ebony pool: skin seamed, eyes sorrowful: lips distorting themselves into a cynic's sneer: gasping with a hoarse and sullen mockery, *Vanity of vanities, all is Vanity.*

Poor ragged hunter. Blighted is that face of yours—that face, vague in the pool, like a sore, casting its shadow on those reflections of the green garden around you. You have paid dearly. You have spent life closely, as a miser his coin, searching out the crooked land to find—a unicorn.

And your reward?

Then, suddenly, mirrored in the pool, a unicorn came out of the trees and stood upon a ledge, mincing, rosy and dappled in the sun.

The twist melted from the old hunter's lips. Death, sighing, slunk out of the green garden.

That was his reward.

But think, now, of another garden, the garden of a school; and in it a pool, not of ebony, but pages—these pages. Peer into this pool; see it crowded with reflections—reflections of the giant vines of sport, mint blossoms of music, flamboyants of drama, young lawns of literature, shaggy trunks of classes, and countless other delicate and fibrous growths. See, and be sobered by the shadow of a blighted world like a sore on these reflections. . . . And seek out something else—a spirit—that is as gripping and yet elusive as a unicorn. Hear it rustling the vines and trees; see its shadow on the lawns and on the blossoms.

It has been called — clumsily enough — “school spirit”; and, with a little more finesse, “esprit de corps.” But it is not that. It is infinitely more. It is the spirit, the germ of our democracy.

That germ takes root in a hundred ways within the school: in the way we learn to play, to tackle jobs, to assume responsibilities, to accept privileges. . . . You will find its reflection among these pages.

That is the germ—elusive and gripping as a unicorn—that will take the sneer from the world's lips and Death's foot from his neck.

That is the germ which will produce hope: which will produce ideas: which will produce attempts: which, whirlwind-like, will envelope the whole world, and will, at length, produce an everlasting tomorrow of Democracy: a tomorrow all the brighter that today is dark.

We, who have found that germ in the school, will plant it in the world.

Xave McKee

With The Colours

Agnew, J.
 Aronovitch, Joseph
 Ashton, John
 Anderson, Tom
 Astle, Gordon
 Baker, Neil
 Ballance, George
 Banks, Frank
 Bailey, Norman
 Baxter, Dave
 Belyea, Graham
 Bickell, Harold
 Bond, Howard
 Borland, Bill
 Bremer, Winston
 Bridgman, Ted
 Brock, Jack
 Borlase, Jack
 Buckham, Robt.
 Campbell, Alan
 Campbell, Don
 Campbell, Douglas
 Campbell, Forbes
 Cawker, Harold
 Cay, Matthew
 Chapman, James
 Chown, Douglas
 Cooper, Bill
 Copeland, Hilary
 Creba, Douglas
 Cresswell, Ralph
 Crooks, Fred
 Cranston, Bill
 Cancilla, Ed
 Davidson, Jim
 Dewart, Jack
 Doig, Arthur
 Dow, Jim
 Davidson, Ronald
 Dashpr, Fred
 Durkin, Jack
 Eadie, Fraser
 Fink, Ray
 Forrester, Chas.
 Goodridge, Stanley
 Gray, Melvin
 Green, George
 Graemme, George
 Graemme, William
 Gordon, Robt.
 Gee, Melsom
 Graham, Don
 Gray, Robt.
 Hanna, Jack
 Hanscom, Harry
 Hanson, Arthur

Hardy, Charles
 Harper, Ronald
 Harris, Gordon
 Hayes, Godfrey
 Hoole, Arthur
 Hoole, Ken
 Hosegood, Jack
 Hewitt, Edgar
 Henderson, Robt.
 Inglis, Murray
 Iverson, Phillip
 Jerrard, John
 Jerrard, Mervin
 Johnson, Chas.
 Johnson, Dave

McKay, Douglas
 McMurtrie, Len.
 Macauley, George
 MacDougal, Ian
 MacGregor, Frank
 MacKenzie, Ken
 Maguire, Clifford
 Maitland, Jack
 Marks, Ray
 Massey, Campbell
 Malcom, Phillip
 Musgrove, Ted
 Meadwell, Ronald
 Mitchell, Eric
 Moreau, Gordon
 Morrice, Neville

Parker, Robt.
 Parker, Hugh
 Randolph, Robt.
 Ross, Ken
 Ross, Roy
 Saul, William
 Seale, John
 Scott, Frank
 Scott, Jack
 Shearer, Robt.
 Shepperd, Robt.
 Simon, Arthur
 Simpson, Earl
 Sloan, George
 Smith, Cecil
 Spence, Bert
 Steed, Harold
 Stevens, Dennis
 Stevens, Frank
 Stock, Murray
 Stock, Douglas
 Styne, Norman
 Sutton, Dick

Taylor, Alex
 Taylor, Leslie
 Toshack, Robt.
 Trott, Douglas
 Trott, Edison
 Vaughan, Lewis
 Waitt, Douglas
 Waitt, Stanley
 Waitt, Rudy
 Walker, Butler
 Warden, Alex
 Watts, Bill
 Weatherhead, George
 Weedon, Douglas
 Weir, James
 White, Jack
 Whiting, Robt.
 Whitmore, Phillip
 Whyte, Bill
 Wiggins, Stanley
 Willcox, Robt.
 Williams, Lloyd
 Willis, Gordon
 Winkworth, Harry
 Wintrup, Jim
 Woolverton, Allan
 Wylie, Ken
 Williamson, Bill
 Wigle, Robt.
 Walters, Ron
 Wither, Glen
 Yerex, Edward

In Memoriam

NORMAN STYNE

JOHN ASHTON

MAURICE HOOKER

GRAHAM BELYEA

MISSING

Johnson, Earl
 King, Gordon
 Knowles, Gordon
 Kiely, Gerald
 Layfield, Eric
 Leipsic, Barry
 Little, George
 Lloyd, Douglas
 Lovelock, Dennis
 Lawrence, Rod
 McDermot, Irving
 McFeat, Alex
 McGrath, Tom
 McLachlan, Edward
 McLennan, Crawford
 McLellan, Bill
 McPhail, Jack
 McGregor, Frank
 Morrison, Robt.
 Morrison, John
 Morrison, Jack
 Myles, Frank
 Nightingale, Alan
 Nicolson, Ray
 Orr, Don
 Osborne, Allan
 Partridge, Roy
 Paterson, James
 Perley-Martin, Tom
 Phillips, Jack
 Phillips, Ivan
 Prendergast, Hamilton
 Prentice, Bill
 Prentice, Dave
 Pringle, Bill

The War . . .

Twenty-one months the war has been in progress. Twenty-one months the people of Britain have withstood the onslaught of the Nazis. And such is their spirit and fortitude that they will continue to repel all attacks by land and sea and air. Why? Because they know that they are holding the front line of all free peoples against an aggressor that would surely enslave them and plunge the whole world into darkness.

We in Canada have made few sacrifices as yet. We still have roofs over our heads, enough food to eat and comfortable beds to lie in. But we must realize now that it is up to us as co-defenders of democracy to give freely, not only our money, but also our time and service. It is imperative that we bend every effort towards defeating Hitlerism. As Churchill said: "We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end."

Here, at Gordon Bell, we have had instilled into us the principle of "Do and give of your best." We have tried to do so at all times. Witness the total of over \$400 contributed by students of this school to the following organizations:

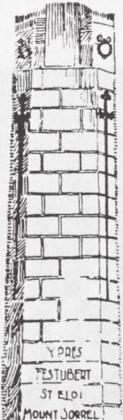
Junior Red Cross.....	\$ 58.00
Lord Mayor's Fund.....	78.00
Greek War Relief.....	25.00
Queen's Canadian Fund.....	60.00
Manitoba Schools' Ambulance Fund.....	115.00
Canadian War Services Fund.....	117.00

Every week we purchase War Savings Stamps and in addition contribute to our penny fund. The girls have made hundreds of articles for the Red Cross. The boys, through our Cadet Corps, have learned a few of the basic requirements of a good soldier: bearing, self-discipline, and obedience. An imposing number of graduates have given their services to the army, navy, and air-force, and many more will be doing so. We like to think of the Gordon Bell students as typical young Canadians, generous and responsive. The future may seem cloudy and uncertain for Canadian youth, but we must "to the task, to the battle, and the toil" until the "job is finished."

Can we imagine ourselves bowing down in servility to our enemy? I think not. Better death, for life would certainly not be worth living if we were defeated. Defeat, however, should not even enter our minds unless to spur us on to greater efforts. We should think and act for victory and victory shall be ours.

I would like to close with a passage from General Sir Archibald Wavell's speech on the eve of the British offensive against the Italians in North Africa. This quotation may be applied to the whole war:

"It must be the firm determination of every man to do everything that in him lies, without thought of self, to win this decisive victory."



"Lest We Forget"

Glen Harrison

School President.

Student Council



Top Row, Left to Right—JOHN McEOWN, FRED ADAMS, DOUG GRANT, LLOYD WILLIAMS, GORDON CANNEM, LORNE CRUSE, DOUG McCRAWLEY, FRED BICKELL, JIM WILLIAMSON.

Third Row—DUGALD PURTON, TED MORREY, GERTRUDE ROBERTSON, IRIS MCLELLAN, MARIAN RUTHERFORD, PAT VAN ALSTYNE, COLIN McGILLIVRAY, JOHN MACKINNON, DON AITKENS, ANDY THOMPSON.

Second Row—JOAN ELLACOTT, LAURENDA FRANCIS, JOY ASHTON, LUCILLE MACDONALD, MILDRED HOWELL, NORMA HURWITS, HELEN WOOD, MARJORIE WHITE, MARNIE GRANT, FRANCES MIDFORTH.

First Row—WALTER WILLIAMS, BILL WALLACE Vice-President, MISS SMITH Advisory Council, GLEN HARRISON President, MR. JEWITT, WINONA CHURCHILL Secretary, DR. PATRICK Advisory Council, DOROTHY ROBERTSON, MARGARET CHOWN.

Organization! That is the target and task of our Student Council. That is its aim and achievement. Organization of things as different from one another as chalk is from cheese demanded energy, ideas, and ability. Our 1940-41 Student Council was replete with all three.

"*Versatile*" is the most concise way of saying "*Glen Garrison*," president of the Council. "*Refreshing*" is the truest tag for its secretary, *Winona Churchill*. And both were capable to the . . . nth degree. The success of such varied ventures as school dances and our weekly penny fund bears witness to their capabilities.

They were supported by a Council, resourceful, keen and diligent. You, the Council—the elected presidents and vice-presidents of each class—have fulfilled your functions of organization in a noteworthy way. You have acquitted yourselves well.

Editorial Staff



Top Row, Left to Right—JIM WILLIAMSON Writers' Club, GLEN HARRISON Students' Council, BILL TOSHACK Assistant Sports, LORNE CRUSE Humour, MURRAY HOWES Photography, JACK BRICKENDEN Humour, GORDON CHOWN Grade XI Representative, BILL BOWMAN Grade X Representative.

Second Row—KAY LEE Stenographer, MARY GRANT Stenographer, FRANCES WOOLIAMS Music, LAURENDA FRANCIS Humour, PAT JACKSON Photography, JOCELYN ROSS Assistant Sports, WINONA CHURCHILL Social, PEGGY DWYER Exchanges, MARY VEASEY Drama, MARJORIE ROBERTSON Stenographer, MARION HAYWOOD Stenographer.

First Row—JOHN GRAHAM Associate Editor, FRED BICKELL Sports, JOAN ELLACOTT Circulation Manager, NORM CLEVELAND Assistant Advertising, MISS SMITH Advisory Council, DAVE MCKEE Editor, DR. PATRICK Advisory Council, MARY MUSTARD Associate Editor, JOHN MACKINNON Advertising Manager, MARJORIE WHITE Sports, TED BROWNEll Business Manager.

Work! That one word epitomizes the whole of any Year Book. . . .

And just there, we are often inclined to leave the statement. But that is only half. We forget the old catch phrase, "You get what you give." By that rate of exchange the Year Book Staff should be rich indeed.

For in every department the editor has met not co-operation and energy alone; but—which is more—constructive criticism and ideas. There were no gaps in the ranks. Almost before it was asked, the deed was done.

The phrase "Thank You" is a bottleneck on gratitude. It is very difficult to get any feeling through it. I have tooth-combed vainly through volumes of synonyms for a word to replace it. And now, in the end, I must resign myself to extending a prosaic but a sincere "Thank You" to the Editorial Staff.—Dave McKee.

On the Margin

The house in which I live is haunted. Take, to be more specific, my own room. For many nights now, I have opened my eyes in the darkness and seen ghosts—wraithlike, dappled or black—holding nocturnal conferences. In one corner the gilt-edged ghosts of Year Books—old, familiar or strange—mock me with their proud perfection. On my table, pigmy-ghosts crouch like pale, spotted mounds (in daylight one would take them for piles of scribbled write-ups). Ghosts with no end of faces peer down at me from my bureau (though I was certain when I went to bed that there were only rows of pictures there). All this, of course, has been very disturbing. . . .

Lately, a new tribe has sprung up in my arm chair. Of all the ghosts in my room these are the least disturbing and the most genial. For they are the ghosts of living G.B. students or graduates, many of whom I am proud to know as friends. All of them bear laurels or deserve thanks of some sort, and for that reason merit a place among those other ghosts that have gone into the making of this book. . . .

Perhaps I had better drop this simile before I start telling a lurid ghost story.

* * *

But really, getting down to it, this past year, G.B. has been at the height of energetic endeavor. Plaudits and War Savings Stamps fell upon Room 15's noteworthy pen-pushers, John Graham. John won first prize in a city-wide essay contest sponsored by the Winnipeg branch of the Optimist Club. The subject of the essay was "Youth's Interest in Democracy."

* * *

In another branch of the fine arts we must applaud three G.B. musicians. Early in the year, Zoe Vlassis (Room 18) and Marion Midforth (Room 4) gave a musical recital in the Fort Garry Hotel, the proceeds of which were donated to the Greek War Relief and the Canadian Red Cross. The recital will be remembered by many as an amazingly fine exhibition of craftsmanship and sensitive musical feeling. But the male of the school were not to be out-done. The golden voice of George Hayward (Room 14) won him top honours in the Grade B Tenor Competition of the Manitoba Musical Festival.

* * *

All this effort of mind and talent has been accompanied by physical feats as well. A "mermaid-ghost" of Room 4, Pat Jackson, splashed first through the Manitoba Junior fifty, and the one hundred yard free style. We are all indeed pleased to shake the drops of water from our hair and to beam our congratulations upon her. Geraldine Drewe (Room 4), along with her younger sister, secured the Manitoba Junior Life Saving Championship, an accomplishment which demanded a blend of quick thinking and physical prowess. Another sparkling star of the sport world left our school some time ago to grace the Winnipeg Rangers with his presence. We refer, of course, to Bob Ballance (Room 6), who has been very active in the Dominion-wide triumph of Winnipeg's hockey team. Buckling on our skis, we find that Dorene Davis, who attended G.B. '39-'40, recently skimmed fifteen seconds off the Grand

Slalom record at Maligne Lake, Jasper. And, coming to our own doorstep again, a trim lass of Room 5, Margaret Chown, skated nimbly in the Winter Club Carnival this year. May your blades flash even more dazzlingly next year, Margaret!

* * *

It has been brought to our attention that Bob Gordon, one of our former students, won the Half Mile race for the whole Division while serving in England. He also crossed the line first at the end of the Four Mile stretch held by the combined forces of the First and Second Divisions. Another G.B. graduate, Jack Phillips, was also in this race. We feel proud that our boys are taking the G.B. brand of clean, tough sportsmanship with them.

* * *

Readable, humorous, with a deep and stimulating thought content—these words might well be applied to the Foreword which Dr. Graham, Principal of United College, has so kindly written for us. The point he had to impress upon us has been made with vigorous, clear sentences. We thank him warmly for this opening feature in our Book.

* * *

There is a curious impression abroad that editors are omniscient. This, of course, is entirely false, as we can testify. There have been many occasions when we have turned gladly to the advice of our elders. We wish to thank our Advisory Council, Miss Smith and Dr. Patrick, and, in particular, to extend our gratitude for the fine article on last year's Prize Winners which these two teachers have written for us. They have quietly contributed a great deal to the creation of this Book.

* * *

And then Eve tasted the forbidden fruit. Ever since, man has been trying to get what is forbidden him. For instance, there seemed to be a financial taboo on colour in Year Books. But our mathematically minded Business Manager, after a few furious days of juggling figures, emerged with a set of local scenes painted by a widely honoured artist, W. J. Phillips. We hope you like these new section headings.

* * *

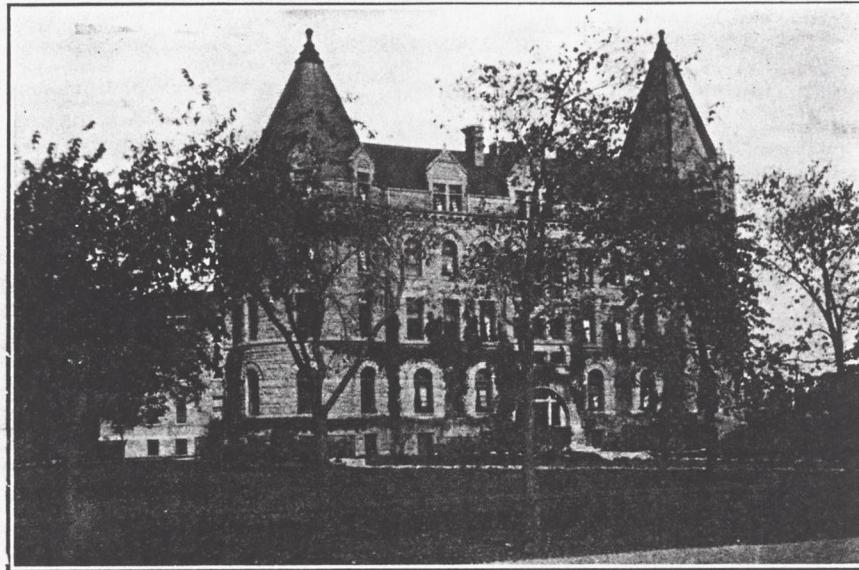
A special paragraph of thanks is due to the Writers' Club for its generous contribution of the prizes for the Literary Section. All in all, the Club awarded a total of twelve dollars in War Savings Stamps, and we are truly sincere in extending our gratitude for its help in making this Year Book a success.

* * *

The work of assembling and composing the Sports Section was notably lessened by the reports submitted by Syd Glenesk, Pericles Sgayias, Eric Crossin, Bill Toshack, Norman Cleveland, Gordon Chown, Ted Morrey, Joe Combe, and Jocelyn Ross. We greatly appreciate their assistance.

* * *

Our valiant stenographer, Kay Lee, with three assistants, sallied forth to battle and tackled the job of
(*Further ghost-laying on page 65.*)



UNITED COLLEGE

OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA AFFILIATED WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Students are offered courses in:

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE leading to the B. A. Degree and
including pre-professional courses for: Commerce,
Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

COLLEGIATE — Grade XI (Matriculation), Grade XII (Entrance to
Second Year and Normal School).

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY — Diploma and B. D. Courses.

Additional Facilities:

RESIDENCES for men and women.

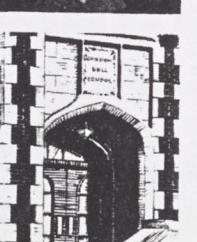
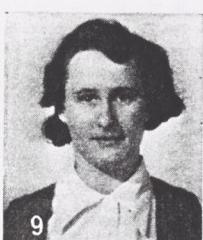
STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, etc.

CENTRALLY LOCATED. LARGE CAMPUS. SKATING RINK.

*Correspondence is requested.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA*

ARMSTRONG'S POINT, WINNIPEG

The Graduates



1—MARGARET ALTERS—Lots of fun . . . queer cracks pop out occasionally . . . does not hunt the male of the species.

2—HELEN BUCHANAN—Tinkling laughter . . . itsy . . . changeable nature . . . noisy . . . cute dresses.

3—ARIEL CALMAIN—Intelligent . . . whiz at French . . . pet hobby: getting in people's way.

4—JOAN CLIFFORD—Quite a card . . . beautiful Titian locks . . . super-sarcastic cracks . . . witty . . . one swe-el kid.

5—MILICENT COMBERBACH—Nice-looking . . . whenever she sits, she knits and knits, and knits.

6—JEANNE COWLEY—Expresses her soul in oil paints . . . expresses her temper in scathing phrases.

7—BETTY CRUSE—Tall . . . shining black eyes, with hair to match . . . angels have wings, and so have—

8—BLANCHE DADSWELL—Dark . . . a fast talker . . . roller skate queen . . . gets around.

9—JOYCE DICKSON—Giggles . . . comical purveyor of jokes (?) . . . not an athletic star.

10—DOROTHY DUTHIE—Cute, neat, efficient . . . very quiet . . . a small voice . . . a star runner . . . well liked.

11—DORIS FARRINGTON—A sports nymph, as her reports definitely show.

12—Ivy FOSTER—A "calculating" blonde . . . her jokes?—well, maybe.

13—GLORIA FRANCIS—Quiet, unassuming—prospective angel . . . pleasant looking . . . a unique laugh.

14—MARION GREENING—Blonde . . . grins from ear to ear . . . pep and fire . . . intensely interested in aviation.

15—ANNABELLE GRISMER—Raven hair . . . a piano-puncher . . . a great note-writer . . . occasionally cuts loose.

16—ANNE HADDEN—Quiet as the proverbial mouse . . . not a super scholar . . . quite tall.

17—WINNIFRED HUGHSON—The marceller-to-be, lives on Furby, and likes company.

18—GWEN HUGHES—Studies hard . . . a honey blonde . . . occasionally makes mistakes . . . semi-energetic.

19—BETTY JAMES—The voice of a set of silver chimes . . . will go far in music . . . those skirts! ! !

20—BERTHA MACDONALD—Five foot nine, with a heart of gold made in proportion.

21—MARGARET MCINTOSH—Short . . . vivacious . . . doesn't like to be hurried . . . a strenuous talker.

22—JOAN PERRY—One of those kindling smiles that caught your heart in the opera . . . would like to join the navy.

23—MARGARET PHILLIPS—Lots of energy . . . popular . . . a hearty laugh . . . always in a hurry . . . a scholar.

24—KAY RICHARDSON—Quiet . . . unobtrusive . . . much brain power used on Saturday night . . . smart.

25—LOLA RICHARDSON—Fond of sports and—uh—sports captains . . . tennis whiz.

26—KAY ROSE—Smothered giggles . . . a bowler . . . rather tall and quiet . . . very popular.

27—PHYLLIS SMITH—A newcomer, who came from—where? . . . very quiet, and probably homesick.

28—MARGE WHITE—A health ad with a mischievous expression . . . unfortunate inclination to blush about her dates.

29—HELEN WOOD—Tall, serious, smart without plugging . . . the prexy . . . public speaker . . . her word is law.

30—CHARLIE BRICKENDEN—The Big Boy . . . a debunker . . . earnest . . . willing to learn . . . basso . . . well liked.

31—DOUG BROWN—A real sport . . . takes a lot of kidding & . . . too bad about the Air Force, Doug.

1—STAN CAMPBELL—Long hair . . . a jitterbug on roller-skates.

2—GORDON CANNEM—Bronzed . . . chesty . . . a working man, now . . . all this, and a blonde Diana, too.

3—ORVILLE COMPTON—Very quiet . . . rides in state to school every morning in a car . . . loud ties . . . soccer.

4—ROY DEACON—Big, lumbering . . . good natured . . . he played the tuba last year (once was enough) . . . rugby.

5—ALEX DOUGLAS—Alexander, the early bird, whistles "How I hate to get up in the morning."

6—BOB EGAN—Minus a bike, Bob was called "Walk-Egan." Now, "Walk-Egan" rides again.

7—MERVIN ENGLISH—He took part in curling, and was also made a Lord—but only in the cast of "Macbeth."

8—STEVE FOTTI—Keenly interested in typing; especially with Rooms 1 and 23 (?) Took part in room soccer.

9—ALFRED FERGUSON—Was great for his jokes in class periods . . . hopes to become a machinist.

10—DAVE GUEST—He was the room "guest" (oh-h-h-h), and starred in basketball . . . a "Y" instructor in gymnastics.

11—JOE GOODMAN—Joe, the left-handed bandit, really pitches them in . . . a fine basketball player.

12—WARREN HOME—"I'm big and I'm strong, I never do anything right, but I don't do anything wrong."

13—KEITH HOWARD—Most studious fellow in the room. Oh, sure!

14—STAN LEWARNE—"Dagwood" took great interest in curling and in basketball.

15—ISAAC MACDONALD—The whistling Highlander, he "flang a braw ball" in inter-high basketball.

16—RALPH MAWFORD—Tenor superb . . . a mop of gold hair . . . sloppy dresser . . . happy-go-lucky . . . boyish.

17—TOM MCQUEEN—Draws . . . fools around . . . that wavy hair . . . the Room 3 chef—an expert cook (so he says).

18—EARL MCFEE—A joke-cracker . . . prejudiced against many things . . . uninterested in most things.

19—BILL NEILL—Popeye, the sailor man, believes the navy to be the finest unit. "Boobin Googin" is his tab.

20—TOM OWEN—Brightest student in the room . . . won three dollars on "Treasure Trail" . . . won't forget Cape Horn.

21—TOM PATTERSON—Easygoing Tom played his heart out in room and inter-high soccer.

22—BILL PORTEOUS—Debonair rugby star . . . those eyes, girls! . . . a rarity: he's lazy and he'll admit it.

23—GEORGE QUEEN—Last to come in when the bell starts to ring. He pulls off his coat in defeat, and rushes to his seat.

24—HOWIE ROPER—A smile that's always only half there . . . he dreams up super-engine designs.

25—KEN RUE—With Room 3 most of the time in mind, but not in body. With Room 1 most of the time in body, but not in mind.

26—JACK SCARDINA—"Goliath" . . . he believes in a future as a violinist, but we feel he should stick to soccer.

27—JOE TANACK—Whether work or "?", "Speedball" Joe is always in a rush to get into the next class.

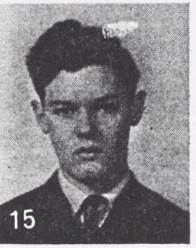
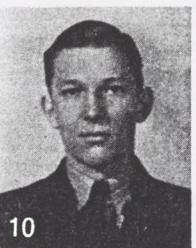
28—LEWIS TURNER—Room 3 mechanic . . . spends all leisure time in reading magazines on motor mechanics.

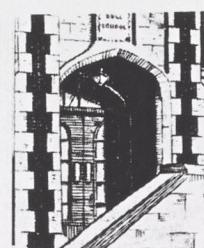
29—BRIAN THOMPSON—"Wimpy"—the little man with the big ideas.

30—JIM WALKER—Lazy man of Room 3; or should we say "ladies' man"?

31—BOB WARRINER—Official desk-washer for the school . . . tall and slouching . . . lazy.

32—WALLY WILLIAMS—Swell vice-pres . . . all-around sport . . . got the 1924 Dodge to run, despite many remarks.





2—ELAINE FASKEN—She hasn't got a past, but she certainly has a future.

3—CLAIRE ALLISON—Claire has a brain and isn't a bore . . . peddles the tickets and answers the door.

4—BETTY BARTON—A capital companion . . . never takes a bath but what she recalls Archimedes' Principle.

5—WINNIE BERESFORD—A bonny Scotch lassie is Winnifred B; she golfs below par—'taint funny, McGee!

6—MARION BROWN—Conscientious . . . sincere . . . a friend in need, indeed.

7—IRENE BUCKLER—She ignores the call of the great outdoors, but in academics she always scores.

8—WINONA CHURCHILL—"Noni" . . . competent school secretary . . . fun in the flesh . . . to see her is to love her.

9—CLORIECE CLEGG—Wim, vigor, and vitality, and looks—she sure gets around, doesn't bother with books.

10—MARION DAVIDSON—"Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory" . . . collects silver paper.

11—MARGARET DECKMAN—Aller, aimer, etre, voir—personally, what do you croire?

12—BARBARA DIXON—A charming contadine . . . silent, but has a devastating wit . . . intelligent.

13—GERALDINE DREW—An all round good sport, all round . . . as a Duchess, objects to hats . . . a swimmer.

14—RUTH ESSERY—Those soulful eyes . . . artistic . . . she skis and skis and . . . ouch!

15—CAROLYN FENNELL—Carolyn ——————
(censored).

16—ENID GOLDSTONE—Enid's a scholar, for time without end, but she always takes time to be a good friend.

17—MARNIE GRANT—Windblown hair . . . those eyes . . . subtle, knife-edged wit . . . neat sloppiness.

18—MARGARET GRAY—In library and palmistry, Marg does quite well; as Red Riding Hood's conscience, she's swell.

19—MURIEL GUEST—To all of the room, "Breeze" is her name; an artist, a riot, and good at a game.

20—MILDRED HALL—Politeness personified . . . a writer, an actress . . . English sunshine in her hair.

21—PAT JACKSON—Pat's a live wire, a dispenser of gloom; but she talks all the time at the back of the room.

22—MAUD JESSIMAN—Tiny, cute, curly black hair . . . an "iccy" fan, badly bit by the swing bug.

23—DORIS KRISMAN—Madame Curie . . . accomplished orator . . . winning smile . . . singer.

24—SYLVIA LITTLE—A gentle tongue in a noisy class, from England comes this Titian lass.

25—PAT MACCHARLES—She chases Ann Sheridan right off the map, she's got Al oomph, has our gal Pat.

26—WILLIS McCAGUEY—Tops in English . . . unique sense of humour . . . prompt.

27—DONNIE McMURRAY—Scotch . . . always late . . . her ambition in life is to marry a tall guy.

28—MARIAN MIDFORTH—Mild . . . twinkling fingers . . . the hair of a poetess.

29—GRACE MILLIGAN—Grace is the gal who believes in going steady; his first name is Nels, but his last one ain't "Eddy."

30—BERNICE MITCHELL—"Bunny" . . . talks and talks and talks . . . laughs and laughs and laughs . . . nice.

31—MARGARET MOFFAT—"M" is for Margaret, music, and maiden; she has never a care, with good cheer is laden.

32—BERNICE OWEN—Bunny's the boss of the ski club, but boom! She soon found Miss Smith was the boss of our room.

1—DOROTHY PHILLIPS—A nurse in the future, Dot longs to be: . . . explosions in Chemistry fill her with glee.



2—MARY QUINTON—Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? Aha! my lass—with dancing feet and boy-friends in a row.

3—MAE RANSBY—Personality dancer . . . petite . . . trim . . . running for the presidency.

4—ANNE RONALD—Anne's hair is a beautiful golden sheen; her interest in life? . . . well—Room 15.



5—GLADYS SADDLETON—Gladys, the girl with the sunburst smile; she makes you believe that life's worthwhile.

6—MURIEL SIBBALD—Muriel—helpful, the girl with brains; aids us in homework and never complains.

7—LUCILLE SYMES—Queen of the Mermaids . . . chic coiffure . . . mischief lurks behind those blue, blue eyes.

8—GERALDINE TAYLOR—"Gerry," or "Poodle" . . . a *ver-r-y* good skier . . . a dry, pointed humour.

9—JOAN TAYLOR—A pianist . . . pert . . . peppy . . . giggles . . . she sticks to Margaret M. like gum to a desk.



10—JANE THOMPSON—Hidden humour . . . disarming smile . . . author of Room 4 quips (excepting this one).

11—HELEN WARKENTIN—Silken-voiced . . . friendly . . . stunning hair styles . . . dark and dreamy orbs (orbis, f.).

12—JOY WHILLANS—Gathering boy friends for Joy is no chore: when she is around, they come back for more.

13—MEGAN WILLOWS—A pert smile . . . a writer with real looks, but confidentially, the picture—

14—FRANCES WOOLLIAMS—A businesslike lady . . . snappy comebacks . . . looks . . . contralto contadine.



15—FRANK ALTY—The Casanova of old Room 6.

16—CLARENCE ANDERSON—Never takes the same woman out twice . . . room goon-boy.

17—JIM BEER—One of the Seven Wonders: a clarinetist who can read music.



18—FRED BICKELL—The power in the Throne as well as behind it . . . athlete . . . level-headed . . . a real fellow.

19—ROSS BOTTING—He plays a tuba—tu bad. (But he's really good.)

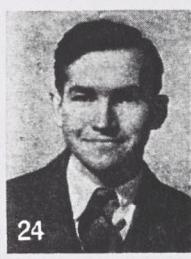
20—WALTER BUCHANAN—"Backfire Buck." His car makes noise and ten miles an hour.

21—DICK COGAR—"Reefer" is his handle . . . applying for the position of Admiral after high school.

22—JOE COMBE—The original glamo-o-o-or boy.

23—STAN DERRAUGH—An expert in Rooshian dance steps.

24—VERNE DONNELLY—Basketball is his strong point; and he really sinks them, too.



25—RONALD FEIR—De "Junior" member of de mob.

26—JIM FOUBISTER—"Steady as a rock," and just about as big.

27—TOM FOWLER—Keeps goal, keeps puck, and keeps talking. (At least, the teachers say so.)

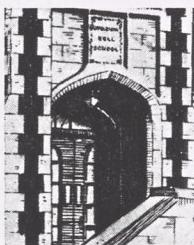
28—BOB GIBSON—"Pinhead" he's called, and he's sharp.

29—BUD GRAHAM—"Hattennn—chunn; Stan daaaa—cheess!" (You translate it.) He's the battalion S.M.

30—JOHN GRAHAM—He writes poems, but he's really a tough guy.

31—PAT HAWKINS—In hockey and soccer, he's the scourge of the ref.





1—DOUG HOPPER—Intelligence plus . . . shy . . . C/Sgt. L.S.H. (you figure it out) . . . Regimental boxing champ.

2—BOB KERSLAKE—Sounds that are a Scotsman's dream, but everyone else's nightmare . . . a devil with the women.

3—CASPAR LAMBERT—The class mascot; he's cute.

4—Ivan Lounsbury—He's lucky; he sits at the back of the room and sees Room 6 only from the rear.

5—JIM McCREA—A speed skater, and fast in other ways.

6—KEN McCormick—He horselaughs frequently . . . but that's his cheery personality; he even laughs at exams.

7—BILL McKay—Silent and retiring . . . a sports-supporter . . . and an enthusiastic war-saver.

8—DON McLELLAN—Don't ever look at his feet or his socks! They'll kill you.

9—BILL McLEOD—Runs a printing machine. (It looks suspicious, since he's usually got much paper money.)

10—HARRY NEAL—Usually found counting money, the lucky man.

11—DON PIRT—Six inch brim, twenty inch waist, ten inch cuffs.

12—BOB ROE—He's known as "Toar," because of his magnificent physique.

13—SAM SCARDINA—He likes to be called "Bud," but he's not really fresh.

14—PERICLES SGALIAS—He's a hot bowler, and an actor to boot.

15—ELWOOD STURTON—A rarity in Room 6: he always has his work done.

16—JIM WILLIAMSON—Intelligent . . . Writers' Club prexy . . . artistic and business ability well mixed.

17—MURRAY WILLIAMSON—His is a new ambition: to be an air pilot . . . a special . . . primary shuttles.

18—MYRLE BAYLEY—The personification of poise . . . understanding and tactful . . . ready wit.

19—DOROTHY BLOOMER—Singer . . . cheerful . . . when the morning bell rings, Dorothy is sprinting down the hall.

20—DOREEN BLYTHE—Horse sense . . . shhhh! Doreen is sleeping!

21—SHIRLEY BROOKS—One of the seven wonders: she actually understands First Aid.

22—ROSE CHWALIBOGA—She may be slap-happy, but she's not dumb; whatever happens is the will of Allah.

23—ELOISE FOREMAN—Flippant . . . tiny . . . life begins when evening comes . . . toothpaste ad smile.

24—MARY FRASER—Neat . . . energetic . . . the Bluebird of Happiness.

25—MARY GRANT—"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, she shall have music wherever she goes."

26—JOAN GRIEVE—Artistic . . . but Cupid's artistic arrows have—oh! Ain't love grand?

27—GRACE HALLDORSON—A brown-eyed blonde . . . easy going.

28—MARION HAYWOOD—She's knitting a singlet for a certain Cecil.

29—MAVIS JEFFRIES—This lass may have auburn hair, but she's even tempered and always fair.

30—FLORENCE KERR—Gypsy-like darkness . . . stylish dresser . . . "Let me see, now; how many boy friends have I got?"

31—ELIZABETH KOWCH—Wild woman of Room 7 . . . tomboy . . . naturally wavy hair.

1—KAY LEE—A machine-gun typist . . . trim and small.

2—DOROTHY McARTHUR—Famous for barbecued steaks . . . slightly loose in the screws . . . manufactures jokes(?)

3—MARGARET McFEE—Better known as "Mickey"; prankish, puckish, trim and tricky.

4—Iris McLellan—The piano doth enchant and please when Iris softly strokes the keys.

5—AILEEN McVICAR—To all appearances, demure and simple; but boys! beware that bewitching dimple.

6—RUTH MERRITT—Who turned the stage into a nightingale . . . did you ever notice her eyes?

7—JACKIE MIDDLETON—Tall, slim . . . a queen in sports . . . when surprised, she squeaks.

8—PAT PIRT—Laughter and jokes . . . try Pirt's Freckle Cream . . . loves to write letters; who can he be?

9—KAY REEK—Serious . . . a deep thinker . . . often gazes into a little black box, containing—Yes! his picture.

10—GERTIE ROBERTSON—Narrow, knowing glance . . . shrewd wit . . . a flame on the light fantastic toe.

11—FLORENCE ROBERTSON—A personality we all well know, with charms to set the class aglow.

12—MARJORIE ROBERTSON—A versatile maiden, she plays and sings, but also finds energy to study—

13—ELMA SCHELL—Baby talk . . . kittenish.

14—PEGGY SHILLIDAY—Irish eyes are smiling . . . God's gift to mankind . . . lazy voice.

15—JEAN SKENE—An accomplished dancer . . . unaffected . . . lustrous brown eyes.

16—GRACE SPINKS—She knows all the answers.

17—WINNIE SUTHERLAND—Better known as "Winkle" . . . gobs of fun . . . hep . . . beautiful eyes.

18—IONA SWEENEY—A real she-woman . . . Sweeney of the Ball Throw . . . (don't tell a soul!—she lends homework!)

19—FRANCES THORSTEINSON—Very nice girl . . . thoughtful . . . usually can't read her homework.

20—SADIE WILDING—A flame-head . . . small town girl . . . travels a lot . . . blushes.

21—SYLVIA WILLIAMS—This lady was blessed by a fairy's wand; she's a genuine, natural, golden blonde.

22—HELEN WILLIAMS—Mouse-quiet, while she daydreams . . . not studious . . . another blushing beauty.

23—ALAN ADAMS—A funereal Don Alhambra, but a cheery amiable chap . . . honestly intelligent.

25—HANS ANDERSON—A famous teller of fairy tales (particularly when he is late).

26—PAUL BOOKHALTER—Carberry doesn't know what it lost.

27—TED BROWNELL—Crooked grin . . . If he had his way, we would attend classes in our spare time.

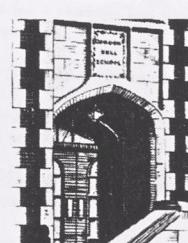
28—GLENN BURNIE—A privileged member of Mr. Jewitt's world-famous rink.

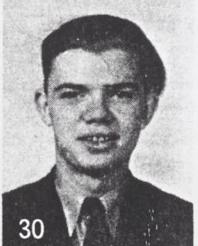
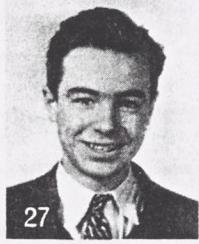
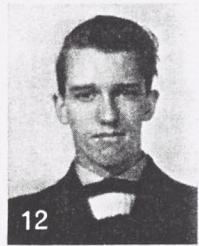
29—DOUG CAMERON—A clean-cut blonde . . . If he had his way we wouldn't attend classes.

30—BRUCE CANN—"When fishes flew and forests walked, then surely I was born." (Apologies to Chesterton.)

31—JAMES CLARK—We always find "Toughie" Clark vs. "Softie" Eggertson in mortal combat at the back of the room.

32—NORMAN CLEVELAND—Chemical ace . . . track star . . . engaging grin . . . backstage work on the Year Book.





1—ART COOKE—Life ambition: to take P.H. for an airplane ride.

2—LORNE CRUSE—Shambling gait . . . beachcomber . . . the basket ball bad man, but he's not hopeless.

3—JOHN WALLIS—Only half there and the other half's asleep . . . an ambling bean-pole.

4—FRANK DIXON—"But Mr. Jewitt! But MR. JEWITT!!! Here another way to do it!!!"

5—MAURICE DIXON—Strike up the band . . . how does one salute while blowing a horn?

6—ROD DUNPHY—What certain French teacher threw chalk at the fellow?

7—TOM EDMONDSON—Starred in "Young Tom Edmondson" . . . none but himself could be his equal.

8—TAVI EGGERTSON—Just how much longer must we endure that dilapidated hat?

9—BILL FINGLAND—"There'll always be a Fingland, and Fingland shall be free."

10—SYD GLENESK—Future radio actor . . . junior basketball whiz . . . amiable and peppy.

11—HAROLD GORDON—Our parcel of California sunshine . . . works on and off, mostly off.

12—DOUG GRAHAM—Goes away to the beach in mid-winter to study (?)

13—DICK GRIFFITHS—He's . . . he's . . . It's no use, he's simply indescribable.

14—DON GUEST—Headed for a Latin scholarship . . . 'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.

15—GRAEME HAIG—Sophisticated . . . that pipe . . . the biggest squirt on the Squirt Squad.

16—GEORGE HAYWARD—The Room 14 tenor nightingale . . . a hard worker, sometimes.

17—GLEN HARRISON—A capable school president . . . keen gaze . . . well groomed . . . a ready laugh . . . a man's man.

18—RALPH WOOLVERTON—"If Woolverton got that answer, it must be right!" (to quote Mr. Jewitt).

19—BOB JARMAN—(famous quotation) "Has anybody seen my books?" . . . slap-happy . . . a hair oil ad.

20—JACK KINSEY—Glasses . . . mutters in maths . . . tangled hair.

21—JACK LOBB—if, just for a change, you haven't done your French homework, go and see Jack.

22—KEITH MORRISON—"Introduce her to us, Morrison."

23—GRANT MUNRO—Pianist, sculptor, artist, etc.—the boy's a genius . . . "What did what say to what?"

24—GORDON PAULSON—Tall, bony, and blonde . . . dead-pan . . . Shhh! He's making plans to murder the bugler!

25—MURRAY PEDEN—Our chocolate-cream soldier.

26—BILL RENNIE—One of those "boys who are going to get a surprise on the physics exam" . . . affable.

27—RICHARD ROWELL—Has the Maple Leaf scout seen our hockey ace yet?

28—OSBORNE SCOTT—The little, little man who wasn't there.

29—KENNETH SMITH—Steady . . . down-to-earth . . . hard work in general . . . "one of the Smith boys."

30—BILL STORY—From an Army Reserve private to a Cadet Corps captain, all in one day . . . personality peddler.

31—JACK SUTHERLAND—Occasional fuzz on the upper lip . . . fine baritone . . . music mad . . . lazy.

32—VERNON THOMAS—Our Welsh "rare bit" . . . Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so does he.

1—GEORGE THOMSON—"I tell you! Our skip lost that game for us! He did so!"

3—JACK BAIRD—Small . . . sly little grin . . . the room mascot . . . a violinist.

4—DON BEACOCK—Always a pleasant grin . . . smart . . . classy dresser . . . has a subtle wit . . . likes to argue . . . admits he's lazy.

5—HARRY BELYEA—"Hank" . . . a lean, silent member of the class . . . the man without a past . . . dead-pan.

6—RALPH DREWITT—Slick hair . . . pointed, yaller shoes . . . irrelevant horselaughs . . . he is a collector of pictures!

7—DON DUFFIELD—Moppy hair . . . a wild wit . . . brilliant, but rarely studies . . . a fine cartoonist . . . strangely attracted to Room 4.

8—BILL EWART—A high voice under a splash of red hair . . . peppy . . . Little Ajax . . . will try anything once . . . likes to argue.

9—GEORGE FINKBEINER—A silent mon fra' Scotland . . . even-tempered . . . a rare smile . . . slicked hair.

10—LAWRENCE FREEMAN—He is sunny . . . a blank face . . . has a habit of breaking his arms, legs, etc. . . . a high, high tenor.

11—BILL GERRY—Tall, dark, and disturbing . . . sardonic grin . . . "Chewed" forelock . . . watch that glint in the major's eye, cadets!

12—JOHN GRAHAM—Him and Barrymore . . . spiky hair . . . withering wit . . . one of the big pens behind the Year Book.

13—LESTER HEARSUM—The long lathe of the room . . . a whiz at Algebra . . . He reads and reads and reads.

14—GLEN HOLMES—Sandy hair, stiff as wire . . . mile-wide grin . . . blushes easily . . . pleasant-humoured.

15—HAROLD JOHNSON—A fine student . . . honest face . . . basso in the opera . . . he tries to play the trombone, and often succeeds.

16—RALPH JONES—"Angel-face" . . . that injured expression . . . a master of chalk throwing . . . horseplay with Mathers.

17—LEONARD KAHANE—Tangled hair . . . Donald Duck . . . enthusiastic about almost everything . . . friendly.

18—JOHN KARLE—Cynical . . . braying laugh . . . a tenor (?) in the Opera.

19—ART KUPPERS—Expert in radio . . . inexpert in French . . . big ears . . . a watermelon grin.

20—FRED MARSH—Sure-spoken . . . deliberate . . . a scholar . . . friendly . . . collects skulls as a hobby . . . versatile.

21—LORNE MASON—An authority on swing . . . lazy . . . pointed shoes . . . quiet.

22—FRANK MATHERS—Captain and star of the rugby team . . . a great guy (we do mean *great*).

23—DOUG McCRAWLEY—The Great Profile II . . . a capital room prexy . . . one of the dashing Gondoliers . . . every other inch a gentleman.

24—COLIN MCGILLIVRAY—Silky-voiced . . . a clarinetist . . . basketball . . . vice-prexy . . . tickles the ivories . . . smooth.

25—ALEX MCKEAN—A tricky streak of greased lightning on the soccer field . . . tall and wiry . . . smooth-tempered.

26—DAVE MCKEE—Another tattered rhymester in the ring.

27—FRANK MYERS—Silver-voiced first tenor . . . a fatalist about everything . . . grey-green eyes.

28—JACK PURCHASE—Dark . . . wooden faced . . . a rare but pleasant grin . . . his jokes are sometimes funny.

29—TOM RILEY—Brainy . . . has some frightful jokes . . . plays the whatsit in the school band.

30—PAT ROONEY—Low voice . . . high marks . . . a lazy drawl . . . he "sprouted" a beard to play Seyton, in "Macbeth."

31—WALKER SHORTILL—Likes loud ties . . . does deep-breathing exercises in French . . . a devil-may-care way with him.

32—GORDON TAYLOR—A big voice for a small man . . . owlish . . . a miniature typhoon on the basketball floor.





1—RHODES TALLIN—Room muscle-maestro . . . ace in basketball . . . wavy hair . . . a fiend (?) for Latin . . . tortures cadets in P.T.

2—KEN THORLAKSON—Friendly . . . thoughtful . . . obligingly laughs at the corniest jokes . . . a violinist . . . going in for medicine.

3—BOB THORLAKSON—Handsome . . . the other twin . . . mad about badminton . . . a second violinist . . . his aim is surgery.

4—STEWART WEATHERHEAD—Gravel-voiced . . . wisecracks stream from him . . . ear-splitting laugh . . . tough guy . . . "Yeah-h-h-h?"

5—JACK WOOD—A "French-hornet" in the band . . . a subtle sense of humour . . . easy going . . . a poker face.

6—FRANK WOOLGAR—The Swedish curler . . . also basketballs on the Junior team . . . wavy blonde hair . . . good-humoured.

7—GEORGE WORTZMAN—Another curler, with curly black hair . . . recently had his appendix out, if anyone cares to know.

8—ELEANOR ATKINS—What doesn't she know about first-aid bandaging?

9—MORTON ALLISON—Well, maybe he's a student at heart.

10—MURIEL BJORNSEN—Our chemically-minded blonde bomshell.

11—PHYLLIS BROWN—"Bright-eyes" . . . raw rookie in the Room ranks . . . lilting voice . . . a peppy lass.

12—EMILY COOKE—Too lively to make a good corpse.

13—ELSIE COMBE—Clear-cut features . . . sports . . . everyone knows her and likes her.

14—CONNIE CHALLONER—Her curls are natural, and so is Connie.

15—INEZ DAWSON—You may think she's quiet, but we know differently.

16—GRACE DEVANEY—Our scientist "skirt" with the Irish smile.

17—BETTY EMERY—Secretary . . . lively . . . truly intelligent . . . shining brown eyes.

18—JOAN ELLACOTT—Looks . . . a managing little miss . . . personality . . . intelligent . . . a merry, sharp-edged wit.

19—VIVIAN ELLERBY—A swell girl and a swell pal.

20—SHIRLEY FENBY—Always has a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips . . . a violinist.

21—LAURENDA FRANCIS—Puckish . . . a sly, elfin smile . . . subtle humour . . . curly-top . . . peppy.

22—JOY HENDERSON—Her neck may have been stiff, but Joy certainly isn't.

23—PEGGY HOOLE—Sleek, slim, smooth . . . a dark-eyed charmer.

24—BETTY HALL—Does her heart belong to Daddy?

25—MURRAY HOWES—He knows his (mathematical?) lines and curves.

26—DOROTHY HUNT—Always in Dutch with someone . . . one of T. A. A.'s special pets.

27—PAT HOWARD—Sincere . . . fine student . . . beyond that, words fail us.

28—ISOBEL HURST—Tiny but terrific.

29—ROBIN KING—As cheery and merry as her namesake.

30—CECELIA KWAITE—Her average: one and one-half jokes a minute.

31—MARGUERITE McDONALD—A tall, statuesque goddess of good humour . . . that laugh . . . eternal hair-ribbons.

1—ANNA MACDONELL—Who is allergic to cadet corps and tall, dark, and disturbing officers.



2—PAT McGEOCHY—A new contribution to the ranks, and a valuable one . . . steady gaze.



3—EDNA MIDDLETON—A whiz at everything she does . . . fun . . . famous for that irrepressible giggle.

4—ALAN McCANN—One of those strong, silent he-men we thought existed only in romantic novels.

5—JACK ROBERTSON—A tall, good-natured red-head . . . blushes beautifully, and had cause to all this year.

6—MARJORIE SCHAFER—Tall, lanky, and popular . . . she's our entry in any "personality contest."

7—DOREEN SIBBALD—Dode is the blonde "menace" of the room, and a very pleasant "menace" to face, too.

8—ANNE WALKER—Anne has a grin that could sell iceboxes to the Eskimos.

9—BILL WHITEHEAD—A lone refugee in a girls' history class—brave soul!

10—MARY WHITING—A small, dark-haired lassie who is worth her weight in War Savings Stamps.

11—DOREEN WILLERTON—What's the attraction in Regina, Doreen?

12—ETHEL WILLIAMS—Tall, good-natured . . . distinctive hair style . . . adept at religious arguments, especially with T. A. A.

13—MARY VEASEY—Englisch . . . old-world charm . . . a truly talented actress . . . that melodious voice.

14—ELIZABETH YOUNG—Elizabeth's laugh will echo in the school long after she has left.

16—JOYCE ARMITAGE—Slim . . . that wide, engaging grin . . . athletic.

17—CHRISTINA BARR—Class cash-clinking Chris . . . tawny hair . . . melting eyes . . . and a true sport.

18—BERYLE BOWIE—Flashing blades, flashing smile . . . an open-air girl.

19—HELEN BRINSMEAD—A girl of the nimble needle . . . eternally late arrivals.

20—ALYCE BROWN—Long, lovely hands and fingernails . . . always willing to help.

21—RUTH BUCHANAN—Sweet as the candy she crunches in every class . . . mathematical mastermind.

22—DOROTHY CANTELON—Dainty . . . friendly . . . thrums both piano keys and vocal cords exquisitely.

23—CAROL DAHL—Coppery hair . . . sweet and innocent . . . fragile . . . very industrious.

24—MARGARET DALY—Versatile instrumentalist . . . sensible . . . humorous . . . "daily" practice on the clarinet.

25—EDNA DAWSON—Her races with the bell usually end in Room 10.

26—JUNE GAUER—A tall, slim, "dusky brunette" . . . and an athletic charmer.

27—VIRGINIA GIBSON—Dark sophistication . . . first impression: quiet . . . next — !

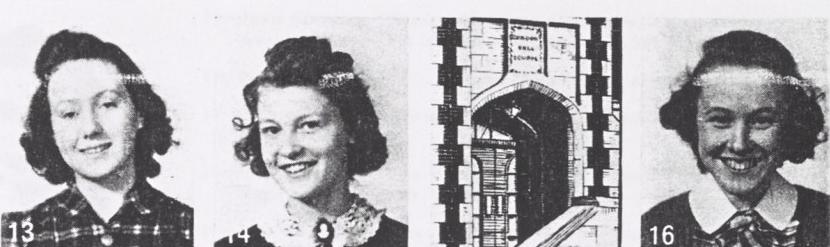
28—MARY GYNANNE—One-half of our badminton set . . . a whiz on "whirling wheels."

29—BETTY HARVEY—Level gaze . . . steady . . . one of the spark plugs in the Red Cross engine.

30—RUTH HAY—Twinkling eyes and a stunning smile: an all-round sport and a friend worthwhile.

31—VERNA HENDERSON—Enter Verna: exit quiet; raise the curtain on a riot.

32—MAUREEN HICKS—Dancing eyes and a ready smile . . . bouncing . . . fun.





1—MILDRED HOWELL—Peppy and pretty . . . vice-president . . . the kind of a girl who keeps the class on its toes.

2—EVELYN KORNBERGER—One tiny blonde who is industrious as well as comely.

3—LUCILLE MACDONALD—A friend-magnet . . . our contribution to the ranks of calm capability.

4—DOROTHY MACLEAN—An attractive quirk in her left eyebrow . . . beautiful teeth . . . once her friend, always her friend.

5—HELEN MATTHAMS—An aristocrat at heart . . . she can hold her place inside and out.

6—GLORIA MONTGOMERY—A strawberry blonde with a pert little nose . . . "Cheese it, youse mugs—da teacher."

7—KAY MULVEY—Belle of the ice-rink . . . never a dull moment . . . she's "O.K."

8—PAT PARKES—Borrows things constantly . . . small . . . all-round good student . . . soft voice.

9—HELEN RANKIN—Sultry blues singer . . . dead pan, but ver-r-y expressive eyes . . . maybe she has brains, too.

10—MURIEL ROWELL—Gentle, reserved, a winsome lass; a "special" asset to any class.

11—THORA SIGURDSON—Sunny temper, cool brown eyes—(You complete the rhyme . . . we can't.)

12—JEAN SIMPSON—"Sugar and spice" (We know it's an ancient, musty quotation, but it's true.) . . . Latin slays her.

13—NITA SMITH—Direct . . . an engaging smile . . . one of the best.

14—MARJORIE SNELL—Sympathetic . . . rare combination of generosity and ability.

15—OLGA SWISTON—"The vibrant pull of bow on string doth lend a magic music to the air."

16—JEAN TOWLE—Peaches and cream . . . sparkling smile . . . cerulean-blue eyes . . . a blonde Diana.

17—MURIEL VANSTONE—She is the screwdriver that tightens the screws in our Red Cross effort.

18—ZOE VLASSIS—Teasable . . . gets all mixed up . . . vivacious . . . as much light and laughter as a Grecian wine.

19—PEGGY WALLIS—One of those disturbing blondes . . . devastates menkind with her serene smile.

20—EVA WARES—Glossy black tresses . . . "celestial music of the viol doth charm the tuned ear."

21—VIRGINIA WARREN—Dazzling and perpetual smile (need we say more?) . . . a rarity: a sane cheer leader.

22—BARBARA BRADLEY-HUNT—A red-head . . . she revels in the odiferous mysteries of Chemistry.

23—KATHLEEN WHITE—Hails from St. John's . . . glamour girl with bi-i-ing black eyes . . . smooth . . . stylish.

24—JOY ASHTON—A tribute to vice-prexy (always in a rush). Nice work, Joy—or are you "Ashton" us?

25—FRED BANNISTER—Easy-going, good-natured Fred; always leading, never led.

26—ERIC BERGMAN—Continually ponders some unanswerable History question . . . tall, blonde, and dreamy.

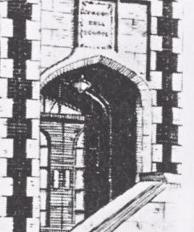
27—TOM BURT—Very shy, very quiet, very retiring, very dark . . . a nice guy.

28—PETER CURD—Above the hubbub can be heard the chortling chuckle of Pete B. Curd.

29—ALBERT DALMAN—Atoms, electrons n'er have him riled; pale hair, soft voice—our chemistry brain-child.

30—GLADYS DICKSON—One of those modest, old-fashioned girls, with a gentle manner and rings of curls.

31—BERT EVANS—Hep as a hepcat, hot as a hornet—that's Bert Evans, "licking" his cornet.



1—BOB FELDSTED—A star on the rugby team—"Torchy," the water boy . . . lovely curls . . . freckles.

2—CATHERINE GODARD—Coy . . . kittenish . . . our nominee to head the popularity list.

3—MARGUERITE GRAY—A studious lassy, and gets the highest average in the class . . . Red Cross angel.

4—BILL GUILD—A master creator of aeroplanes and radios . . . very brilliant in class, and out (?).

5—BILL HANBURY—Hanbury, "Billed" as a "desperate boy," imparts to the girls considerable joy.

6—BERYL HARRISON—In dealing with the merits of education Beryl orates without hesitation.

7—ROY IRWIN—Roy Irwin excels in running and jumpin'; blonde hair . . . a man's face—boy, ain't he sumpin'?

8—DON JACKSON—In the scholastic field, a mighty mite; this chap's free from our ghastly "June plight."

9—MORREY LAWRENCE—Clink! clink—the class secty.-treas. . . . well liked . . . track star . . . good-looking.

10—RUTH LITTLE—Are her clothes from "Vogue" or "Mademoiselle?" So chic, so stylish, we can't tell.

11—BILL MATTHEWS—Violinist . . . *Notice*: he takes classes with Room 18 . . . attractive smile.

12—JOHN McEOWN—Our cool-headed prexy . . . unembarrassable . . . never at a loss for the right word.

13—ALISON MACLEAN—"A vurra Scotch lass, nae doot" . . . bonny (and then some).

14—DORICE MILFORD—Pert, pretty, both modest and smart, she finds her way into many a heart.

15—JOYCE MORRISON—Tall, blonde, and brilliant . . . a Maths genius . . . expert at cooking and sewing.

16—GWENDA MORRISON—Gwenda's lively and scads of fun; a popular girl with everyone.

17—JOHN MORRIS—Dapper . . . a knot of energetic good nature . . . a smile as effective as an ice-breaker.

18—DOROTHY NESBITT—Short, flaxen-haired, cute . . . those sapphire eyes . . . a songbird in the opera.

19—ALBERTA ROBINSON—Girls' sport captain . . . gurgles beautifully in the Mixed Choir . . . very active in all things.

20—BETTY ROLLO—Tall and dark, honestly swell; a lulu lady, our Gordon "Belle."

21—CAMERON SNIDER—Wavy, rust-hair . . . a puckish smile . . . slides a mean trombone in G.B. music world.

22—BETTY ANN STANDING—Black eyes . . . popular . . . always borrowing homework . . . perpetual giggles.

23—JACK WOLCHUK—Takes all his subjects with Room 18's; Watch it, Jack! They're a lot of queens.

24—RAY WOOD—Boys' sports captain . . . popular . . . "Where's your maths homework, Wood?" . . . late arrivals.

25—TANNIS WRIDE—Occasionally arrives on time in the morning . . . small and dark . . . sews superlatively.

26—JIM BEATTY—A super-snappy dresser, with shirt tail out, brilliant scarves, loud shirts, etc. . . . says he skis.

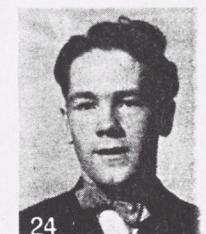
27—RONALD CARD—He never seems to read a book, but always has an intelligent look.

28—STEWART CASSELS—The fellow who talked with Scottish tang is coming out with Yankee slang.

29—GORDON CHOWN—"Doc" . . . screwloose . . . you think up an adjective for his grin . . . witty . . . future medico.

30—TOMMY COUNTRY—He rightly believes he can curl . . . rolled pant-legs . . . good dancer . . . quite a gasher.

31—ALBERT COYNE—Question: What's Krupa got that he hasn't got? Answer: You guessed it—a haircut.





1—TOM FOXCROFT—Gangling and wiry . . . throws himself around the soccer field . . . keen . . . humorous.

2—BOB FURNEY—Cheerful . . . a decided basso . . . wide grin . . . guffaws . . . frank . . . broad shoulders.

3—DON GOOD—A fellow well-known at the Y.M.C.A.; he's never dull, and always gay.

4—KEES HOOGVELD—He is the boy who "pinches" the flute: comes in with a hoot and goes out with a toot.

5—ROY HUDSON—He appears to be unconcerned, but there's hardly a thing he hasn't learned.

6—STEINE KRISTJANSSON—Caught in the mesh of a dark-haired girl, he'd like to take her out on a whirl.

7—WALLACE LAING—His gifts are more of the quiet type; in sports and studies he'll "climb the pipe."

8—JOHN MACFARLANE—"Mac" always tries to lead the rest by quietly doing his level best.

9—EDWARD MARKS—Whenever work is in the air—Ted will be somewhere else.

10—EDWARD MORREY—The "tour de force" proxy of the room . . . always energetic; never busy.

11—STEWART NORTHCOTE—He looks like most Room 22 men, but is really very smart, except in the language of the gods.

12—BILL NOTLEY—Of humourous hoaxes, he is a source; takes everything else as a matter of course.

13—DON OLSON—The boy who is always dashingly dressed . . . one of the few "22" boys who isn't a pest.

14—CHARLES O'NEIL—Never appears to have a worry, yet lives in a perpetual hurry.

15—SIGVALD OVERGAARD—Smooth blonde hair . . . glasses . . . a rare man in Room 22, he is seriously inclined.

16—ROBERT PEACH—A red-headed, broad-grinning, friendly fellow: gives many a teacher cause to bellow.

17—JIM RANKIN—The sober faced class fool, he is always in trouble . . . dry humour . . . drives teachers nuts.

18—JACK SHAVER—Cynical . . . wavy hair . . . creator of some of these exquisitely beautiful write-ups. (Heh! heh!)

19—GORDON SMITH—Subdued . . . scholarly . . . never goes to dances . . . a perfect gentleman.

20—EDWARD SNYDER—The boy who never arrives on time, but—but—(I've "gotta" make this rhyme).

21—GORDON TAYLOR—A bright, chesty sailor he's going to be, if he ever leaves the old G.B.

22—BILL TOSHACK—Blonde Apollo . . . swell guy . . . well-groomed . . . flashing smile . . . rugby.

23—JIM WASSON—"Sambo" . . . he tried for the mile . . . hefty . . . quiet . . . fond of red shirts.

24—LLOYD WILLIAMS—Six-foot-two . . . a lady-killer . . . and a popular Room 9 escort.

25—JIM YOUNG—On first appearance, he seems shy; but he really isn't. (Hah! Fooled you on the rhyming.)

26—PHYLLIS BARRINGER—Small, dark, and oh! so neat . . . a spring breeze on the race-track.

27—ANNE CADMAN—Eureka! Eureka! Someone who actually has no hobby . . . clear complexion.

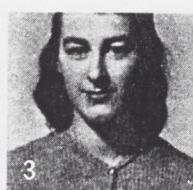
28—MARGARET CAMPBELL—A new addition to the G.B. . . . we honestly like this auburn-haired gal.

29—EDITH COCHRANE—Music is her pride and joy . . . three strikes in a row the first time she bowled.

30—EDITH COOLEY—The only real red-head in Room 25: receives all letters from Calgary.

31—FRANCES DEVANEY—Laughing, joking, teasing—her changing moods are always pleasing.

1—PEGGY DWYER—Stylish . . . glamour . . . black black hair, white white skin . . . faintly freckled nose.



2—JOAN DICKSON—"Bubbles" has dimples . . . shy, and very homesick for Port Arthur.



3—ALICE FISHER—Badminton, bowling . . . a well-known ghost that haunts the library.



4—MAY GILMOUR—A wee bit o' Scotch heather in the G.B. bouquet . . . a born comedienne.

5—JOAN GRIFFIN—Green eyes . . . blonde hair . . . tall . . . a warbler in the opera.

6—JOYCE HOSKINS—Semi-enthusiastic about school . . . she's no crack student, yet no fool.

7—AUDREY JONASSON—if ever you're in trouble, see Audrey; she'll gladly sympathize with and help you.

8—KAE LOBB—In and out, in and out, drop two, purl three . . . a champion knitter.

9—LILLIAN MACAULEY—Admired by all who know her . . . buckets of fun . . . roller-skater.

10—LILLIAN McDONALD—A tiny lass of four-foot-ten . . . a swish on the race-track . . . knowing.

11—BETTY MARTIN—Little curls upon her brow; let's ask Betty how??

12—ANNETTE MCKAY—Neat hair-do . . . jolly . . . sincere.

13—EVELYNE MORRIS—Evelyne's never here among us; in her dreams she's at St. Thomas.

14—ADRIENNE NELSON—Stately, dark, quiet, and tall . . . We scarcely know this girl at all.

15—IRIS PAGE—All economical people beware! This girl will quickly wear out your rugs once she starts to "jitter."

16—MARGARET PICKARD—A sports captain and a sports queen . . . amusing retorts.

17—MARILYN RAWSON—We all like the way she dresses . . . neat . . . snappy typist.

18—MARIAN RUTHERFORD—A clarinetist—and she's not always playing the classics . . . generally musical.

19—MILDRED THOMPSON—For heaven's sake don't call her "Milly"; she thinks the name is dawgone silly.

20—ANNE THORBURN—Slender and fair, merry and gay; into our hearts she's made her way.

21—Irene Underwood—Fun bubbles in those dark eyes . . . friendly . . . generally capable.

22—PAT VAN ALSTYNE—Pat may be an excellent "dipper," but as our president, she's a "pipper."

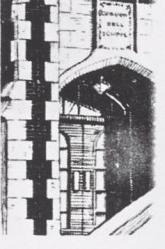
23—LILLIAN VIPOND—Hear ye! Hear ye! She is clever; We hope she keeps it up forever.

24—RUTH WALKER—Soft, sweet voice . . . winsome ways . . . a neat worker.

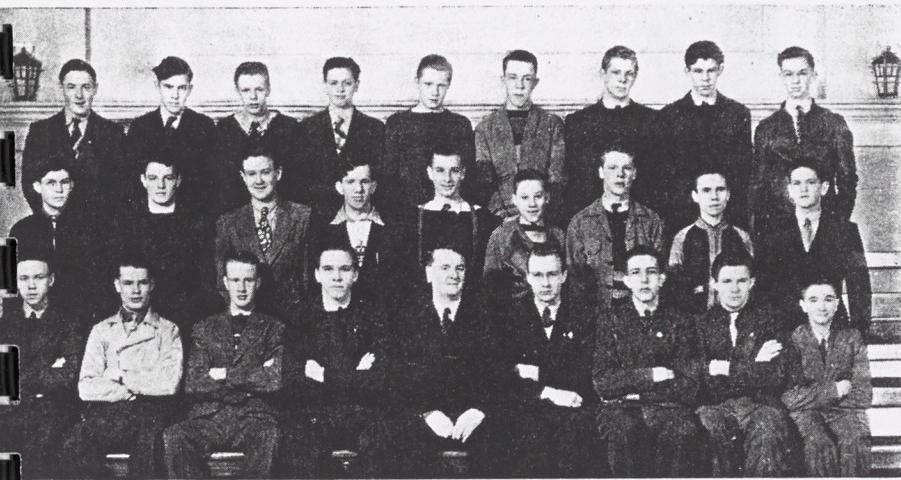
25—NORMA WILLIAMS—A jingo in First Aid . . . small.

26—Irene Wonnell—Always late because of Churchill (and we don't mean Winston!) . . . lukewarm about school.

27—DOROTHY YEATS—Many can testify her temper is fiery—all Room 14 boys who read her diary.



Room Two



Well, here we are—the one and only Room 2. We're the fellows that congregate along the walls at 9 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. to eye "The Belles of Gordon."

Doug Purton, our modest president, has upheld his position, although there have been several changes in class officers. Other class officers are Fred Adams, vice-president, Don Simpson, secretary, and Harvey McKinnon, sports captain. Although several students have left school to go to work, the remainder are co-operatively retaining the room spirit.

Throughout inter-room sport activities our room was found continually up against bad luck for no

Top Row—BARRY PIRT, MURRAY McDONALD, JACK ROGERSON, BILL SOMERVILLE, DEREK WHALE, ALF ROBINSON, FRED WILLIAMS, DOUG POTTRUFF, NORMAN POUND.

Second Row—ALF ZIMMERMAN, TOM KAY, JACK MATHESON, JOE LAVIGNE, DERRY TUDDENHAM, KEN VAUGHAN, GORDON TOWNSEND, MCKENZIE SCOTT, SMITH THOMSON

First Row—EARL McGREGOR, BOB SIMPSON, DON SIMPSON, Secretary-Treasurer, FRED ADAMS Vice-President, MR. MOORE, DOUG PURTON President, HARVEY MCKINNON, Sports Captain, JACK DEVLIN, MERRILL SAUNDERS.

Missing—ELMER CAIRNS, ARNOLD COOK, BOB FORSYTHE, WILSON McCREA, ROBERT RILEY, JACK SHILLINGTON, JIM SMITH, MAC STUART, KEN WHITNEY.

Top Row—RUTH LINDAL, MARGARET NAPIER, PAMELA CLARKE, MARGARET HALL, MARY MUSTARD, FRANCES YOUNGMAN, MOLLY ASHLEY, JEAN MACDOUGALL, BETTY HUFF, MYRTLE STURTON.

Third Row—GERALDINE AUGER, JOYCE WATSON, BETTY MELLISH, DOREEN HARRISON, BERNICE PAULSON, DOROTHY BROWN, BETTY BRANSTON, LILLIAN DAVIDSON, EVELYN HOWE, JOANNE GREEN, RUTH STUART.

Second Row—JOAN PAWLETT, NANCY MACDONALD, DORINNE BERRYHILL, ANNE JAMES, LILLIE TOYE, MIRIAM HOOEY, BETH MOWAT, JUNE LOBB, JOAN FRANCIS, CONNIE AIELLO, IRENE WEBB.

First Row—PHYLLIS MCKINNON, JUNE CHERRY, JOAN TUCKER, RUTH GRAHAME, BARBARA DICKSON *Red Cross Representative*, MARGARET CHOWN *President*, MISS HEWTON, MARIAN METCALFE *Vice-President*, JOCELYN ROSS *Sports Captain*, MILDRED ADAMS, MIRIAM FINKELSTEIN.

Missing—MARGARET ABBOTT, *Secretary-Treasurer*, PATRICIA WRAY.

Withdrawn—THELMA ROBINSON.

Bombs exploded and fell on the comparatively peaceful corridors and classrooms of Gordon Bell when the livewires of Room 5 collected from all districts, determined to conquer a Matriculation Diploma. Casualties resulted in the scatterbrained ward five. Supervisor Chown literally flew around, followed by Nurse Metcalfe administering bitter pills to all offenders. Scarcely had we recovered from these onslaughts when Margaret Abbott exclaimed, as she stuck tickets down our throats determinedly, that our presence at the newest G.B. entertainment was the *very best remedy*; while at the front of the ward "Joss Ross" exclaimed with fervor, that, for a speedy recovery, a quick game

matter how hard we fought, the breaks seemed always against us. Maybe it's because we aren't the triumphant type, but all the same we can at any time stand up to the best of teams. This term, Gordon Bell entered one boy's skating relay which consisted entirely of Room 2 students.

Mr. Moore is our main boss; he may be seen at 8.55 a.m. or 1.25 p.m. ploughing his way from the teachers' room in order to admit the anxiously awaiting students into their room of learning. Mr. Moore's right-hand man is Merrill Saunders, well known as "Whip."—*Don Simpson*.

Room Five



of volley-ball could not be beaten. Then Specialist Hewton with upraised hands declared, as she delved into her satchel of knowledge, a History Essay would quieten even this usually peppy ward.

Representatives from our rollicking ward are found in every branch of the school's activities.

But now, as we depart, a jolly group of "nervous wrecks," we hope to return next year with even more energy, more purpose and more successes. — *Joan Tucker*.

Grade

Room Eight

Tens

Top Row—JIM McVEY, CRAIG NICOLSON, BOB SAUL, RON ROCKEY, CLIFF WRIGHT, TELFORD THOMSON, JACK HASTINGS, JACK BRICKENDEN.

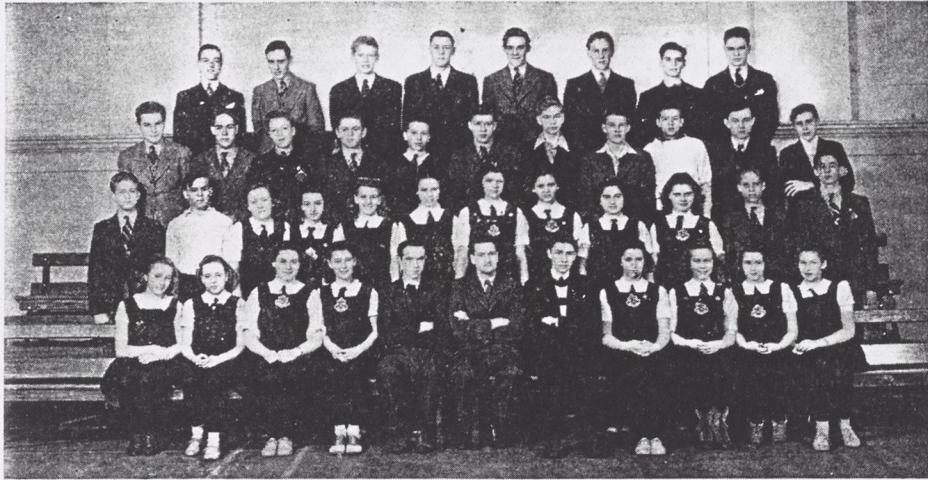
Third Row—LANGFORD JONES, CLAY STEELE, RUSSELL SEWELL, ELTON HOBSON, GODFREY BERGSON, GORDON MOORE, TOM BIARNASON, JACK CURRIE, DICK SHEPPARD, JIM ALWARD, SID SMITH.

Second Row—DOUG McWHINNIE, ED PARLIAMENT, MARITA WILSON, MARION LEWIS, HAZEL DIXON, RENE MOONEY, RUTH MATHER, ELIZABETH MAWFORD, MIRIAM MASA, HILDUR THORSTEINSON *Red Cross Representative*, BOB WATSON, HENRY ATWELL.

First Row—MARGERY DAVIS, AUDREY SUTTON, BARBARA JOHNSTONE, DOROTHY ROBERTSON *Vice-President*, CECIL WESTMAN *Boys' Sports Captain*, MR. PATRICK, DOUG GRANT *President*, JUNE HALL *Girls' Sports Captain*, SHIRLEY BLYTHE *Secretary-Treasurer*, JOAN DURRANT, MILDRED GINN.

Missing—DON RODGERS, GERALDINE DICKSON.

Withdrawn—ALAN HALL.



Having been dissolved for two months, the House of Commons of Room 8, Gordon Bell, opened the 1940-41 session with the speech from the throne by the Governor-General, Dr. Patrick.

The elected Prime Minister, Doug Grant, and Secretary of State, Shirley Blythe, took up their offices.

Early in the term, the Department of Sports under Deputy Minister June Hall, excelled themselves by copping the Grade 10 Volleyball Championship. The football division, under Minister of Sports Cecil Westman, took second place in Grade 10's Football Championship.

Room Nine



If you happen to be wandering about the halls some morning about 9.06, you will probably hear Room 9 droning out a rather drowsy rendition of "O Canada"; all standing painfully stiff and straight, with bleary eyes and dazed expressions on their faces. If your musical ear is not quite as good as it should be you may be able to listen to the end, provided you're not knocked over by our young cyclones, Vina and Winnie, as they turn the corner two or three minutes late.

The Extra Curricular Department received response from Honorable Jack Hastings and Honorable Ruth Mathers who took parts in "Macbeth."

The only representative to the Department of Music (Opera Division) was Honorable Edward Parliament. The Band enjoyed the genius of Honorable Langford Jones and Honorable Jim McVey.

The War Cabinet consisted of Minister of Red Cross Activities, Hildur Thorsteinson, and Minister of the Penny Fund, Dorothy Robertson. The House dissolved in June, resolving that 1940-41 had been a profitable year.—Barbara Johnstone.

Top Row—DOREEN HIGGINS, MONICA PRESCOTT, JUNE WOOLLEY, EARLA LLOYD, GLADYS FOULKES, BETTY SKIFFINGTON, NETTIE BABALUK, IRENE CLARK, MARIE RAINVILLE, ISOBEL BILTON.

Third Row—MAE WEAKLEY, RUTH PARSONS, BESSIE COLWELL, LORRAINE COOPER, JOYCE VAN ALSTYNE, PEGGY DYER, MARIANNE MACIVER, AUDREY DIXON *Red Cross Representative*, SHIRLEY OLSON, DOREEN MONTGOMERY.

Second Row—MILDRED SHELLRUDE, PATRICIA HOUSTON, KATHLEEN GOODBRANSON, WINONA HATCH, MARIE FABRO, MISS CARRUTHERS, JOAN MORRIS, CATHERINE MCROBBIE, MARJORIE TOVELL, ELLEN HALLEN, BARBARA BARNARD.

First Row—GENE SYMES, CONSTANCE GALLAGHER, RUTH MCLEAN, BERNICE HAWTHORNE *Sports Captain*, JOY ELLIS *President*, BERNICE CHAMBERS *Secretary-Treasurer*, GRACE SUTHERLAND, VINA MILLER, JUNE EILBECK, JOYCE WEBB.

Missing—JOAN MEADWELL, BETTY LAWSON *Vice-President*.

Our executive committee is of the best, with Joy Ellis (President), Bernice Chambers (Secretary-Treasurer), Bernice Hawthorne (Sports Captain). Betty Lawson, our Vice-President, left us in February, and so we have been struggling along without her. Now, Joy has no one to help her shout, "Sit down! Be quiet!"

Our members have plunged into almost every activity in the school. We unanimously declare that that 1941 has been an excellent year.—June Woolley.

Jack Bowman

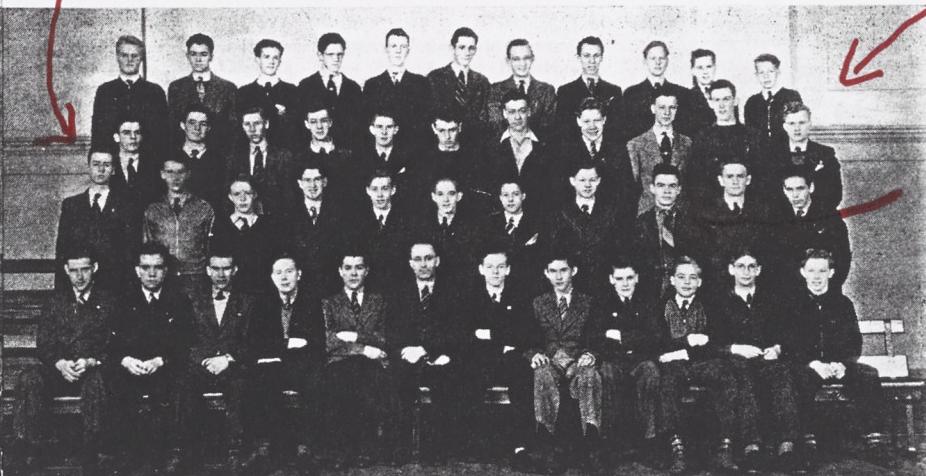
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• GBS •

Bill Bowman

1941

Room Ten



From behind the bars of the detention room we issue to all most hearty greetings. Although most Gordon Bellers do not like Room 10 itself (for obvious reasons), we find now that we are rather attached to it. The ominous and ever-present reminder of the use to which our room is put at four o'clock seems to have a remarkably steady effect on our students.

The first year in Gordon Bell has been very kind to Room 10. Bill Wallace, our Noble Prexy, is the Vice-President of the school; George Clayton ("ha blinkin' Hinglishman"), our greatly overworked Secretary-Treasurer (overworked—? I don't think), is

Top Row—GEORGE WALKER, DON KERSLAKE, ROY SCOTT, JACK MOXAM, JIM SAUL, DON BOWES, BOB STIMPSON, CARMAN MERNY, BOB JONES, JACK MCQUEEN, MYRTON COMBERBACH.

Third Row—JACK BOWMAN, DON DOWNE, HUBERT MOORE, LAURENCE PELLAN, LORNE MCQUEEN, FRED TRIGG, BILL BROWN, JOHN HAMMOND, GRANT MCINTOSH, GERALD NICHOLL, WALTER DENYER.

Second Row—BILL HARDEN, JOHN STOUT, GRANT NEAL, GORDON FERGUSON, JACK HARPER, DON PERRY, TED SHERWOOD, DON NEWYAR, BILL BOWMAN, WARD GREENWOOD, JACK ALEXANDER.

First Row—LES GARRET, HAROLD BLAKE, BILL WILLIAMSON, GEORGE CLAYTON *Secretary-Treasurer*, BILL WALLACE *President*, MR. BELL, DON AITKENS *Vice-President*, GEORGE GRANGER, MEL GIBBS, JACK HUTTON, JOHN LITTLE, JACK SANDISON.

Missing—SAM McCAY *Sports Captain*, RUS SUTHERLAND.

one of the most popular boys in the class; as for our notorious Vice-President, Don Aitkens of the ready wit, he needs no mention. Our Sports Captain, Sam McCay, quite a gay blade in his own inimitable way, a starry soccer, hockey and basketball player, is one of the best all-round athletes in the school. Room 10 was more than amply represented on the rugby, soccer and basketball teams. Our room soccer team swept through to the Grade 10 championship and missed the school championship by a hair.

Which all, when we rally again next year, we are determined to improve and advance.—Bill Bowman.

Rooms Eleven and Twelve

Top Row—RUTH CLINT, SHEILA DENT, JOAN HANBURY *Red Cross Representative*, MARGARET CARR, MARGARET ANTILL, JUNE PILE, MARGARET ROBINSON, EILEEN NORTHY, BETTY McBride, RUTH HAYWARD.

Third Row—MURIEL STERLAND, MIRIAM ATKINSON, LESLEY LAING, FAY MANSON, EILEEN GRANT, MARION MAKARSKY, BETTY LOCK, IRENE RIDDLA, SYLVIA PARKER, RUTH STEVENS, MERLE WHERRET.

Second Row—DOROTHY BICKNELL, AILEEN HOWES *Red Cross Representative*, BETTY ROCHE, BERYL MCAREE, MARION EATON, MURIEL MITCHELL, DORIS FEARN, DORAINA LOWE, KAY MACKIE, MARGARET RICHARDSON.

First Row—GERALDINE GILMORE, BETTY KING *Assistant Sports Captain*, ZOE GORDON *Assistant Secretary-Treasurer*, NORMA HURWITS *President*, MISS IRWIN, MISS SWANSON, FRANCES MIDFORTH *Vice-President*, JOAN BURTON *Secretary-Treasurer*, PAULINE CLARKE *Sports Captain*, JOAN SMELTZER.

Withdrawn—WINIFRED BIRT, MARGUERITE HALL.

Calling all cars, calling all cars! Last seen in the vicinity of the Gordon Bell High School, an escaped mob headed by Norma Hurwits, Frances Midforth, and their henchmen Joan Burton, Zoe Gordon, Pauline Clarke and Betty King. Armed with pots and pans, needles and pins, they overpowered Wardens Irwin and Swanson and made their escape. "Stool-pigeon" Mitchell squawked and turned up in "Macbeth" as a spirit.

In the attempted breaks in December and Easter there were few casualties.

Manson got a heavy sentence for being a little off.

"Bugs" Makarsky spent her solitary confinement writing ballads about elves.



Clarke, Clint, Northey and Robinson turned out to be the mad maestros of the mob.

Mackie and Sterland "skipped" during the Christmas Concert.

Lock stopped bullets and her hair came out in "bangs."

Smeltzer and Laing were "dressed to kill" during their session in the library.

"Slip one, slop one" Hanbury finally finished her life sentence sweater.—*Ruth Clint and Joan Smeltzer*.

Room Thirteen

Top Row—EDNA BRYNDZE, BETTY FORRESTER, BETTY BELL, BOB CHRISTIE, GLEN FRASER, JIM HARRIS, LAWRENCE GARDNER, ISOBEL MARTIN, Verna COUGHLIN, OLIVE QUINN.

Third Row—HELENA BRAID, AUDREY MORTIMER, BARBARA MCFAIDEN, MARION WILLIAMSON, GEORGE MATHER, DON MACKENZIE, BOB ADDISON, EVELYN BESSEY *Red Cross Representative*, AILEEN SIMPSON, GWEN BROWN, AGNES SEEKINGS.

Second Row—CLAIRE SIMPSON, MARJORIE SUTHERLAND, MURIEL BEAN, YVONNE MCKAY, EDITH LOCKEY, MR. LEAVENS, RUTH DODD, DOROTHY PACEY, JEAN CLARK, FRANCES BUDD, DOROTHY BLACK.

First Row—RONALD OXBY, KEN COOPER, JIM McMURRAY, CECIL MAW *Boys' Sports Captain*, EVELYN PRICE *Vice-President*, EILEEN OLSEN *Secretary-Treasurer*, LOIS LEE *Girls' Sports Captain*, JOYCE PLENDERLEITH, ELEANOR CHARLES, MAISIE WALKER, PHYLLIS ELLIOTT.

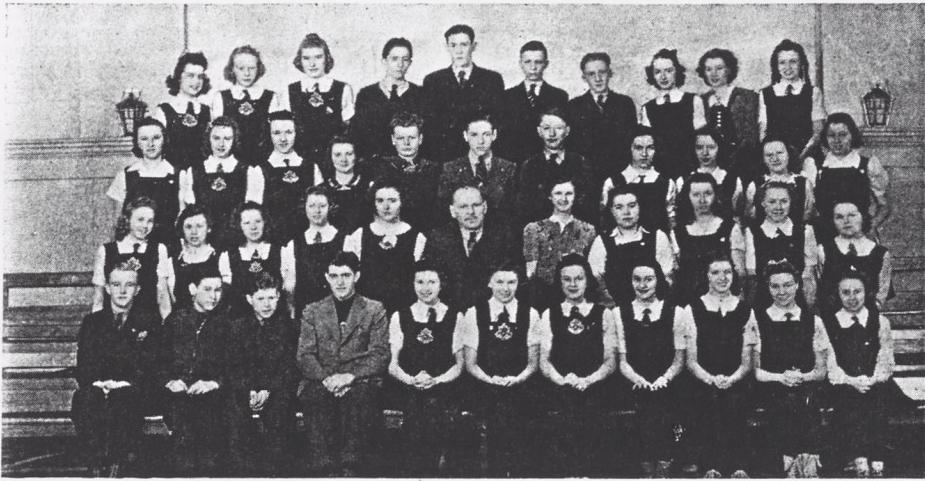
Missing—ERIC CROSSIN *President*.

Withdrawn—HELEN OLSEN.

Ca-rash bang!!—A bomb has landed in the midst of Room 13! Giants Marjory S., Gwen B., and Beanie scurry for cover. Witty Phyllis (Peanut) Elliott darts by as Lois Lee shimmies out of sight.

Listen! the all clear—no, wait, it's only Eleanor Charles' crescendo giggle. From the depth of the wreckage the familiar voice of Dizobelle Martin renders the latest song hits. Courageously directing traffic, President and Vice-President Eric Crossin and Evelyn Price stand guard while cadets march past accompanied by Barbara MacF.'s drumming heart.

Among the rescue squad clearing up the debris are



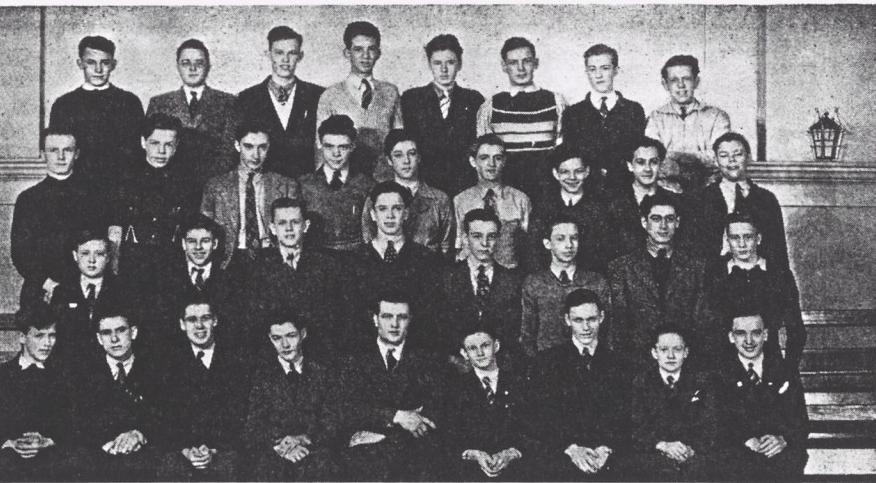
Evelyn Bessey searching for Red Cross wool, Yvonne McKay digging for a mirror, Edna Bryndze chasing macaroni beads, Betty Forrester arranging badminton schedules and Aileen Simpson probing for roller skates.

Incendiaries flashing by are Mather running to and fro with his "water" jug and Audrey M. for a bus.

Peace (?) reigns once more. Un-blitzed, singers Joyce P. and Claire S. look on. Behind a pile of books Betty Bell rehearses speeches while Secretary Eileen Olsen patiently counts money.

Officer Leavens diligently strives to rebuild the wreckage into a model class for 1942.—*Verna Coughlin*.

Room Twenty-one



Room 21—better known as the noisiest class on the second floor has been generally in a hubbub all year. What brains we have are concentrated in a few people—the rest get along somehow. And somehow or other (?) the goodly Mr. Walker managed to keep us in control. But our contribution to War Savings has been tremendous, due perhaps to Rockley Holman's grand donation. Our hockey team won the Grade 10 championship, by the excellent playing of our Sports Captain, Jack Nixon, and of Art Roy. Ted Siddall

Top Row—DEREK ASKEY, SID MILNE, LORNE LEITCH, MICHAEL McCALLUM, GORDON REIMER, BOB HOOK, DON FAURSCHOU, TED SIDDALL.

Third Row—ART ROY, JACK MACE, JACK FULTON, JIM BEER, ROCKLEY HOLMAN, GORDON HENDERSON, EARLE ROBERTSON, BOB JOHNSTON, HAROLD BOOK.

Second Row—BLAKE THOMSON, LYNN WATT, BILL MACLEAN, DON TREILHARD, TED WHITLEY, JOHN TOEWS, ALEX BERMAN, TED BEIGHTON.

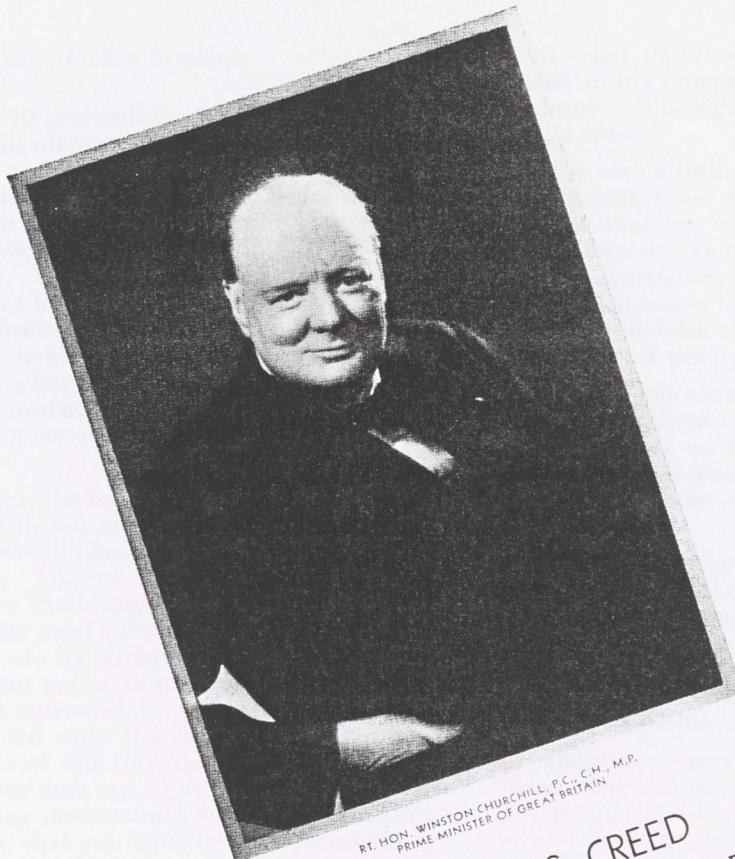
First Row—GLEN CAWKER, BOB GEE, FRED HARPER *Secretary-Treasurer*, JOHN MACKINNON *President*, MR. WALKER, ANDREW THOMPSON *Vice-President*, JACK NIXON *Sports Captain*, GORDON HARVEY, STANLEY BALDWIN.

Missing—DENNIS JAMES, JOE MILLS, JOHN HUGHES.

played Banquo in "Macbeth," and Dennis James, the Duke of Plaza Toro in "The Gondoliers."

We have some music makers in the persons of Beer, Fulton, and Reimer. John Hughes had the misfortune to break his leg while skiing and has missed a good deal of school. Other unfortunate accidents were the cases of detention. We wish to thank Mr. Walker and our officers, John MacKinnon, Andy Thompson and Fred Harper, for many splendid services rendered.

P.S.—Best of luck to one and all.—*Ted Whitley*.



"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour'."

R. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, P.C., C.H., M.P.
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

A BRITON'S CREED

We shall go on to the end. . . . We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. . . . We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. . . . We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and streets and in the hills. . . . We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island, or even part of it, is subjugated and starving, then our Empire across the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, will carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the new world, in all its strength and might, sets forth to the rescue and liberation of the old. . . . Britain will fight the menace of tyranny for years and, if necessary, alone.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL

"We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

Valedictory 1940 . . .

Mr. Jewitt, Teachers, Fellow Students
and Friends:

Today the 1940 graduating class bids farewell to Gordon Bell. This afternoon we stand at the meeting of a happy past and an unknown future. After two short years together we step out into a wider life, and what this life is to be depends in a large measure upon the foundations we have been building for it in these high school years. We could have built these foundations as well as we have only with the assistance of a competent and cheerful teaching staff. What we have learned at school, however, is merely a beginning. Up to this time our studies have been controlled and made as easy for us as trained minds could make them, but from now on we must rely more and more upon our own efforts.

To our teachers who have guided us, and who have had to put up with our shortcomings and our many peculiarities, we would like at this time to express our heart-felt thanks. To you—Mr. Jewitt, and to your able associates, we would say that we know how fully you realize that the most valuable assets of *our* nation, as of any nation, are its citizens. You have put forth every effort in your power to make true Canadians of the raw material entrusted to your care. How well you have succeeded only the future can determine, but we thank you at this time for all you have done, and tried to do, for each one of us. We trust that the years to come may demonstrate to your satisfaction, as well as to ours, that you have been as successful as even *your* ambition could desire.

In those years to come, as you go about your duties amidst the familiar scenes which so many of us are leaving behind, is it too much to ask that you pause occasionally and give a passing thought to the members of the 1940 class who hold for you and your teachers nothing but appreciation, affection and esteem?

What life holds for us at this critical stage of the world's history no one can foretell, but that, after all, is nothing new, for the future has always been on the knees of the gods. This we *do* know, that all those things for which our Empire is fighting today, those blessings of liberty, freedom and justice, are eternal and imperishable and are bound to triumph in the end. In the words of one of our Canadian poets:

"The little lands shall rise again,
The great shall grovel, stricken, at their feet,
And from the night of blood and pain
Shall rise a Freedom, perfect and complete."

Already a large number of former students of Gordon Bell have joined the colours and we know that wherever duty calls them, they will give a good account of themselves and worthily uphold the honour of their beloved school.

To many of us it is a matter of regret that we were born too late to take an active part in the present struggle, but time may yet remedy this. It remains for us to carry on in our own small way on the home

front. Let us remember the words of Sir James M. Barrie in his immortal address to the students of St. Andrews—"Courage, my children, and greet the unseen with a cheer."

It is with a feeling of sadness that many of us meet for the last time, yet some of us are happy in the thought that we will have another year together in Grade Twelve. To most, this day marks the beginning of new experiences which will put to the test those high principles we have learned at Gordon Bell School —those principles of loyalty, good sportsmanship and recognition of the rights of others.

Loyalty has always been an outstanding characteristic of our school spirit, and our 1940 class has done its best to live up to that tradition. On the playing fields we have learned the lessons of victory and defeat. In the class room the emphasis has always been on the Golden Rule.

May we continue to exemplify these principles of conduct as we make our way along the various paths that are now opening before us. Let us remember that material gain, although important in itself, is only of secondary consideration, that the things which count most are those fundamentals which have been so often emphasized within the walls of our school.

These two years have passed very swiftly. If at times there did not seem to be sufficient hours in the day for all the things we wanted to do, and if occasionally we neglected some of the homework assigned to us, over lavishly as we often thought, who is to say that we did not derive something just as useful from the part we took in the sports activities, the operettas, the plays and the school concerts?

Let us, as we separate, go forth with the determination to prove to the world that *our* High School is one of the best. Let us make loyalty our controlling spirit, for in being loyal to ourselves, to our class, to our school, we shall of necessity be loyal to every larger claim that life can make upon us.

And now the time has come to say farewell. Not in sadness, gazing backward over the path we have come, but looking forward with head held high and courage in our hearts.

"Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of God. That shall be to thee better than a light and safer than a known way."

Thus may we come to that day of which the poet sings:

"Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace."

Ted Brownell

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Music Musings

The Mixed Choir

The Mixed Choir, that vertebra of our school music-body, was in perpetual motion all season. And we do mean motion! Under the lively training of Miss Spence, the choir, working out new scores and polishing up old ones, had audiences even when practising. And indeed, the choir had reason to practise often and strenuously, for it was active not only in school musicals but also in many outside functions. Perhaps we boast, but the facts show that the Mixed Choir was in greater demand this year than any other high-school choir of the city. To be sure, the songs were not rendered perfectly and many technical faults were observed, but the personality and feeling with which the members infused their singing more than made up for any technical errors. We have reason to square our shoulders with pride when we see that it performed ably—very ably—before such bodies as:

- I. The Teachers' Convention in October.
- II. The Christmas Concert.
- III. Two Soldiers' Sunday Concerts at Y.M.C.A.
- IV. The Women's Morning Musical.
- V. The Manitoba Teachers' Convention.
- VI. Empire Youth Sunday Patriotic Rally.

The Mixed Choir



Top Row, Left to Right—BILL PORTEOUS, FRANK MYERS, CHAS. BRICKENDEN, ALAN ADAMS, JOHN GRAHAM, TED BROWNELL, GUS WEATHERHEAD. Third Row—LAWRENCE FREEMAN, STUART WEATHERHEAD, GEORGE HAYWARD, JACK SUTHERLAND, RALPH MAWFORD, DENNIS JAMES, DAVE MCKEE, NORM CLEVELAND. Second Row—HELEN WARKENTINE, EDNA MIDDLETON, ELAINE FASKEN, PAT JACKSON, ALBERTA ROBINSON, BETTY STANDING, DOREEN HALES, JOAN TUCKER, JUNE WOOLLEY. First Row—BILL STORY, HELENE RANKIN, MAE RANSBY, FRANCES WOOLLIAMS, MISS SPENCE, MARGUERITE McDONALD, JOAN PERRY, DOROTHY NESBITT, DOUG McCRAWLEY.

Edited by • FRANCES WOOLLIAMS
• ZOE VLASSIS

The Boys Ensemble

And what a picture that calls to mind! You remember them as they stood in a semi-circle around Miss Spence and sang lustily with virile voices, projecting their personalities into every semi-quaver. A new limb of our school music-body, the Boys' Ensemble was an immediate success. To be sure, the songs chosen were well-suited to the group's style of singing; each piece was a vivid portrayal of some emotion, some feeling. Such songs as the humorous "Waltzing Matilda," the swinging "Cargoes," and the stirring "Land of Hope and Glory," are masterpieces of mood. In these songs, it is not enough to mechanically sing correct notes; far more is needed to breathe elusive vitality into every phrasing and cadence. They must be clear-etched and powerful to satisfy the listener. And the fellows certainly made these songs live for all their audiences. They were loudly applauded and were on many occasions encored at such functions as:

- I. The Christmas Concert.
- II. The Women's Afternoon Musical.
- III. A Fashion Show for the Lord Mayor's Fund.
- IV. The Faculty of Education Alumni Dinner
- V. Empire Day Service.

The Opera

He stopped in the hall, haggard of eye and face, and hoarsely whispered, "Well? . . ." The other fellow shook his head. "I'm afraid . . ." he muttered.

This harrowing scene was oft repeated before the presentation of this year's light opera, "The Gondoliers." But after four nights' massage with grease-paint the haggard faces broke miraculously into grins—in short, the opera went over with a bang. Waves of laughter and applause rolled up onto the stage from the darkened auditorium. Capacity crowds were thrilled.

The roars of applause were particularly welcome to the ears of all concerned in producing the operetta, since "The Gondoliers" is one of the longest and most difficult of all Gilbert and Sullivan musicals. But it has a warm, vivacious, Latin color which none other of these light operas can quite equal. The music is catchy and often hauntingly beautiful; the dialogue is subtle and polished; the dancing is vivid and thrilling; the stage-work is complicated and amusing. To maintain this high standard of gaiety and color was no easy feat, and many long hours of swotting were required to produce a successful show. That this year's Gordon Bell opera did receive applause is in large measure due to the ceaseless efforts of our directors.

We chalk up another triumph for Miss Spence, under whose direction the opera was produced. As always, she gave her whole time to help the principals and chorus master their parts. She wove the separate threads of comedy and romance, singing, dancing and dialogue into one close-knit and colorful tapestry.

One and all we whirl in an imaginary and complimentary cachucha for Miss Robertson. Yes, we can do the cachucha but we would still be stumbling over our partners' feet were it not for Miss Robertson's patient, good-humoured and ceaseless efforts.

Mr. Snider, with a paint brush in one hand, a dog-eared "score" in the other, a hammer in his hip-pocket and a 'cello bow between his teeth, amazed us by popping up at all times, in all places and in all emergencies. He was the unobtrusive, uncomplaining, untiring "hand within the glove."

The long gangling figure of Mr. Hoole scampering over the stage invariably packed the plaster of wit and humour into the gaps and crannies of the opera as a whole. He was our connoisseur of laughter.

Those taking part in the opera were: Zoe Vlassis and Margaret Abbott who made two charming Gianettas, while the part of Tessa was played with great skill by Frances Woolliams and Barbara Dixon. Ralph Mawford and Bill Story as Marco, and Jack Sutherland and Doug McCawley in the part of Guiseppe, acted and sang with great gusto; Alan Adams and Lorne Cruse made very pompous Don Alhambras; while who could have desired two better hen-pecked husbands than the two Dukes of Plaza-Toro as portrayed by Dennis James and Dave McKee? The part of Casilda was acted very gracefully by Betty James and Ruth Merritt; Ted Brownell and George Hayward made two excellent drummer-boys, and Joy Whillans and Geraldine Drewe put much force into their part as the Duchess of Plaza-Toro.

Gordon Bell Opera was safe for another year.

Drama

Last September the would be Thespians of Gordon Bell again cleared their throats and moistened their lips in preparation for the try-outs of *Macbeth*, which had been selected as the mid-term play. Mr. Snider and Miss Peggy Jarman, the producers, held several auditions after which the following people were chosen to play principal parts: John Graham, *Macbeth*; Fred Bickell, *Macduff*; Ted Siddall, *Banquo*; Glen Harrison, *Duncan*; Bob Jarman, *Malcolm*; Robert Gee, *Donalbain*; Mary Veasey, *Lady Macbeth*; and Marjorie Snell, *Lady Macduff*. Other parts were taken by E. Robertson, P. Rooney, D. McKee, P. Sgayias, J. Bowman, C. Wilson, M. English, J. Hastings, S. Cassels, R. Kerslake, M. Howes, S. Northcote, E. Crossin, T. Eggertson, W. Bowman, M. Finkelstein, M. Mitchell, E. Middleton, J. Tucker, M. Proffitt, S. Fenby, M. Hall, R. Mathers and H. Wood. Every night after school the aspiring actors gathered in class rooms and tramped up and down addressing eloquent speeches to rows of vacant desks. The performances of the play were held on four consecutive nights beginning November 26.

On the opening night the performers rustled ghost-like in the wings, feverishly trying to recall their lines, while wishing fervently that they had never even heard of *Macbeth*. But everything went over very successfully, thanks to the efficient work of all those behind the scenes who took over such thankless jobs as prompting, scene-shifting, and properties. Each performance was sold out and the audience was most responsive in that they laughed at nearly *all* the right times and hardly *any* of the wrong ones. Altogether the play ran very smoothly and there were no major disasters, although several times the actors' hearts skipped a beat, as when someone forgot to put on-stage the chair for Banquo's ghost, so that the audience nearly had to imagine a ghost-chair as well as a ghost! However, all enjoyed themselves and there were many regrets when the make-up was taken off for the last time, and everyone turned back again to reality and the thought of exams.



The Christmas Concert

When Old St. Nick led a packed house into the auditorium three nights before Christmas, he led them into the presence of the merry, cherry-cheeked, carolling God of Christmas Present. It was a concert, genial and informal. The pine-decked hall reverberated to ringing laughter, to gay and spontaneous dialogue, to lusty and jovial community carolling.

The Mixed Choir, the Boys' Choir, the Girls' Grade X Choir, all trained and directed by Miss Jean Spence—sang rich Old English carols with the ringing of sleigh-bells in the background. After the singing, two groups of comely lasses tripped the light fantastic with clubs and skipping ropes. And when the curtains had closed, young and old swung into dance, played games and visited about the school.

Appropriately enough, the proceeds from this concert of Christmas were donated to the Greek War Relief and to the Lord Mayor's Fund.



The Band

If you had passed down the upper hall any day last winter between 3:30 and 4 o'clock you would have heard sonorous militaristic noises pulsing rhythmically through the walls of room 21. Then, in the spring, if you had passed our grounds during that same period you would have seen in one corner a block of students flooding the district with those same sounds and keeping the whole cadet corps on its "left . . . right." You know, of course, that that was our school band.

The members of the band have done an exceptional job. They practised faithfully and became one of the most colorful and indispensable parts of our corps. Besides that, the band brought glory on the whole school by performing in a stirring and worthy manner at the Air Force Gathering in the Civic Auditorium, May 7. It is a body of which every G.B. Student is justly proud.

Mr. Dudley, Mr. Fraser and our versatile Mr. Snider deserve far more than mere mention. Mr. Dudley's directing and his thorough individual drill, Mr. Snider's unfiring organization and Mr. Fraser's aid welded the various divisions of the band into the group which we can only praise. Congratulations and good luck!



The Orchestra

One noon-hour last September a half-moon of students grasping various shaped instruments were assembled in front of the auditorium stage for an initial try-out. Mr. Hubble tapped his stand for silence—glanced 'round that faintly timid semi-circle—raised his long expressive arms—nodded his head—paused—then plunged into the opening bar of "Liebestraum." And there came forth—not a sound! Not the smallest violin squeak or peep of clarinet.

And then the fireworks began! Mr. Hubble, conductor, ably supported by Mr. Snider, organizer, began in his own inimitable musician's way to make that orchestra speak. Inside of two months the orchestra was playing half a dozen different numbers below the footlights of *Macbeth*. Through the term it entertained the student body in five auditorium periods with new pieces from its fast-sprouting repertoire. Then, assisted by a few former students and kind friends, it passed the difficult music of the Gondoliers through its multi-shaped mouthpieces. The well-woven strains of some of our orchestra's best known numbers will be an indispensable part of our graduation exercises. We all know that on that memorable occasion it will make the finest showing ever.

To thank Mr. Snider for his patient encouragement and Mr. Hubble for his instruction—vivacious and painstaking in the same breath—could never be done to anyone's satisfaction. The orchestra is its own tribute to its conductor and organizer.

The Musical Metropolis

"Sissy stuff," I muttered, as I carefully shoved my revolver and shoulder holster into the hall cupboard. I had just come from Chicago—hence the revolver and holster. . . . "Just a bunch of panty-waists," I growled, "sittin' around, peepin' and chirpin' like a bunch of baby robins! Phew!"

All these uncomplimentary remarks were uttered about two years ago. I was referring to one of those myriad musical groups, which I had just watched rehearsing. They were insufferable sissies, to my way of thinking. Singing! Imagine! Hefty young men and women yelling their heads off in song! I was greatly disgusted.

In those rather crude remarks, however, I had made a true observation about Winnipeg—the place was literally infested with musicians. (At least they called themselves musicians.) Deanna Durbin wasn't the only person "Mad about Music"; all Winnipeg was. Never did I dream that I was to sink so low as to sing myself. But with my arrival in this beloved city of ours, my disgusting—nay, revolting—musical career began. Want to hear about it? No? Then what are you reading this miserable article for? Tha-a-at's better. Draw close, and hearken to my tale of woe.

It all started with my entering a light opera. That was way back when in 1939. Right now, as I inscribe these horror-stricken lines, I can remember having sung in three light operas, a mixed choir (and were we mixed!), a boys' choir, a boys' ensemble, a girls' ensemble (that *was* fun!), and a barbershop quartette. The last group was purely for the amusement of the four singers, simply because no one else would be amused. I have actually sung, in various groups, for a Women's Musical, an Afternoon Musical, a Morning Musical, a Teachers' Association, an Alumni Dinner, two Christmas Concerts, the Y.M.C.A., Armistice Services, Graduation Services, a Men's Musical, a Young Men's Musical, the Metropolitan Choir and a Fashion Show. I expected hourly that some group of which I was a member would be called upon to sing Grieg's "Lullaby" before the Tired Businessmen's Twelve O'clock Musical Club. Although I waited eagerly for the summons, it never came. I guess the businessmen just weren't tired enough. Now, understand that I'm not bragging about all this. I'm merely putting forth the bald facts of shame. I realize now that I have been singing for two years, like a moonstruck nightingale—well, practically like a nightingale.

And what cuts me to the quick is this: I liked it. I liked it! As time went on and I read about the presentation of countless light operas, as I heard hefty rugby players and burly garbage men talking about their latest theory exams, as I listened to countless references by all sorts of people to "my music teacher," as I hearkened to criticisms from beardless youths on the topic of Jean Screecho's faulty obligato-pizzicato in church last Sunday, as I gawked at stories of the inevitable clashes between jealous music teachers, I began to realize that perhaps I was wrong and 300,000 other people were right. Maybe music wasn't sissy stuff.



Top Row, Left to Right—ROSS BOTTING, BERT EVANS, JACK WOOD, TOM RILEY, LORNE MCQUEEN, HAROLD JOHNSON, RALPH MAWFORD, JACK FULTON, CAMERON SNIDER. Second Row—KEES HOOGVELD, JIM BEER, COLIN MCGILLIVRAY, DON BOWES, JIM McVEY, EARL MCGREGOR, TOM KAY, GORDON REIMER, DAVE GUEST, MAURICE DICKSON. First Row—MARGARET DALY, MARIAN RUTHERFORD, BOB KERSLAKE, LANGFORD JONES, MR. DUDLEY, DON PERRY, DON AITKENS, EILEEN NORTHY, BOB JARMAN.

Tentatively, I opened my mouth and peeped. It was fun. It gave me real pleasure. I peeped again. Finally, I kept on peeping, and I am still peeping today, just like a young spring robin.

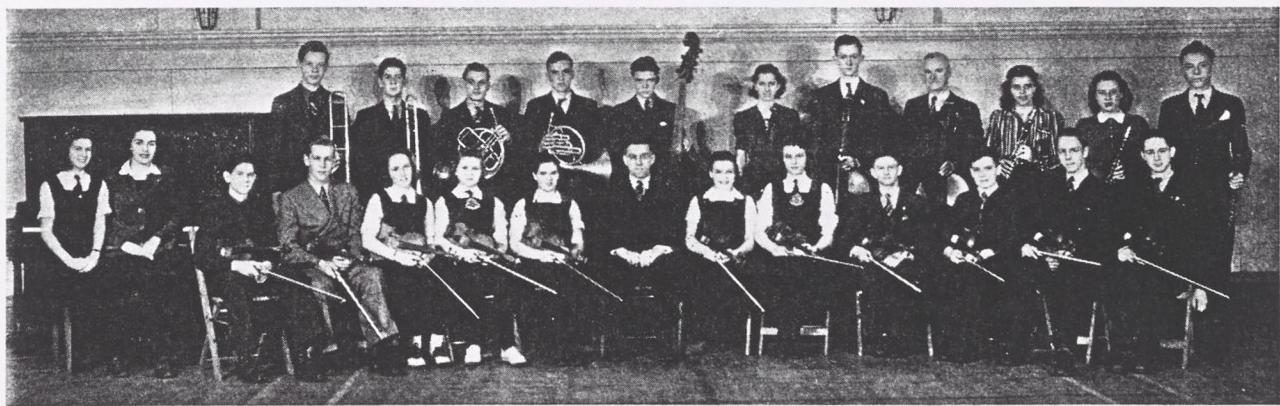
But speaking seriously, I began to realize that to enjoy music—choir singing in particular—one requires only a little natural ability and a lot of work. In return for this small investment, one gets a lot of honest pleasure. Oh, to be sure, this pleasure is not the ecstatic type, where the lover of music almost weeps with delight and has to be carried home. But it is the pleasure of expressing yourself in song.

By a lucky quirk of fate, I managed to get into a choir. From then on, as you have sleepily read, I was converted. I sang, and sang, and sang. My family's collective ears were set ringing with the sound. Their ears are still ringing but the family is used to it by now, and perhaps even likes it.

Yes, my viewpoint on music has changed greatly. It was not impressive and worthy functions such as the Festival and the Celebrity Concert Series that changed it. It was the unabashed enthusiasm of all sorts of people for music. It was no highbrow, intellectual appreciation; it was alive and very personal. It was, and still is, infectious; and I got the bug badly.

This afternoon, I was rummaging around in the hall cupboard, looking for a bottle of Dr. Horace Humwell's Voice Tonic, when I came across my revolver and its holster. Both were thick with dust.

"Why," I solemnly said to the rusty gun, "robbing the Foist National Bank was only thoid-rate fun compared to this singing business. And filching the Slammerstein poils was sissy stuff compared to singing dat 'Sing a Song of Sixpence.' Yeah, I t'ink I'll stick ta music; ya git more back fer yer trouble."—John Graham.



Top Row, Left to Right—HAROLD JOHNSON, CAMERON SNIDER, BERT EVANS, JACK WOOD, JIM BEER, GWENDA MORRISON, ALAN ADAMS, MR. SNIDER, MARIAN RUTHERFORD, MARGARET DALY, KEES HOOGVELD. Front Row—RUTH CLINT, MARJORIE SCHAFER, BILL MATTHEWS, BOB THORLAKSON, MARGARET ROBINSON, OLGA SWISTON, EVA WARES, MR. HUBLE, SHIRLEY FENBY, PAULINE CLARKE, ANDY THOMPSON, JACK BAIRD, KEN THORLAKSON, DAVE MCKEE.



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CIVIC AUDITORIUM, MEMORIAL BOULEVARD, WINNIPEG

Sport

Sports Jottings . . .

Sportsmanship! That is the purpose and the pivot of our Sports Council. That is the primary and yet the least advertised reason for the existence of our council at all. These elected sport representatives have sought to make sportsmanship—not muscle or skill or the silver goblet—the core of G.B. sport life. Have they succeeded? We hope you will find the answer mirrored in this department of our book.

But true sportsmanship is usually tongue-tied: muscle and skill and the silver goblet are the things about which we can speak.

Our 1940-41 Sports Council knew how to organize sports. The task of organization can easily be made difficult by careless lack of co-operation or mere indifference from the student body. The success of our high school sports springs not from the Sports Council but from the interest and the co-operation of the students

Can this be the reason for the sudden collapse of some of our most sparkling sports, such as inter-high hockey and girls' basketball? Only the support of the students can bring them back to an eagerly awaiting Sports Council.

For the work done on our sport year by Bill Toshack, Lucille Symes, Cecil Westman and Jocelyn Ross—in fact, all the Sports Council—we give a big round of applause.



Swimming

G.B.'s wasn't the largest, but it was certainly an encouraging splash after so many years on dry land. About fifteen slim young maids curved up from the springboard and broke water at various times this

The Sports Council



Top Row—RAY WOOD, JACK NIXON, DOUG BROWN, HARVEY MCKINNON, FRANK MATHERS, TOM FOWLER, CECIL MAW. Second Row—THORA SIGURDSON, ELSIE COMBE, JUNE HALL, PAULINE CLARKE, JAQUELINE MIDDLETON, MARGARET PHILLIPS, MARGARET PICKARD, LOIS LEE. First Row—BETTY KING, CECIL WESTMAN, LUCILLE SYMES, BILL TOSHACK, MISS ROBERTSON, MR. GREEN, JOCELYN ROSS, NORM CLEVELAND

Edited by • FRED BICKELL
• MARGE WHITE

season. Sheathed in the water of a downtown pool, these girls improved their technique, developed long easy strokes and upheld the purple and gold in as many aquatic events as possible.

This year's officers of the Swimming Club were: Lucille Symes, president; Jocelyn Ross, vice-president; and Margaret Pickard, secretary-treasurer.

Let's wash the lifeguard off his feet next year, girls!



Inter-High Soccer

Our inter-high footballers ploughed spike-tracks all around their opponents' goals but, with many a misfortune, just couldn't seem to roll the ball between the posts. Fred Bickell, captaining the "A" team, was the centre of many well-timed plays and led his team to victory in two out of six games.

Tom Fowler's quick-footed goal-keeping proved him one of the best men G.B. has ever placed in goal. For fine teamwork, colours should be awarded Jim Foubister, Russell Sutherland, Eric Crossin and Jack Nixon.

But bad luck hung like lead on the heels of the "B" team. And they couldn't seem to shake it off. It dogged them all through the schedule, and the final add-up gave them not a game. Nevertheless, the hardy "B's" under Ted Morrey, displayed the finest brand of G.B. spirit in their failures. Special mention should be made of Gordon Taylor and Albert Heaton who scored the squad's two and only goals.

The players of both teams take off their hats to Mr. Fyles and Mr. Leavens for their management and coaching.

Girls Bowling

The dream of many a G.B. lass this season was—no, not of Clark Gable, but of a black, fat, shining bowl smothered in polished five-pins. Even with the all-high record of twenty-two teams competing, the attendance was exceptional and enthusiastic. As the season progressed the rattle of tumbling five-pins echoed oftener and louder down Mr. Gibson's smooth alleys. Team nineteen with Joy Henderson at the fore, rolled its way to the top. Joy Henderson herself bowled the highest individual average and knocked over the most pins in high doubles, but in high singles bowed to M. Williamson.



President of the Bowling Club is Margaret Pickard; secretary, Pat Van Alstyne; and treasurer, Grace Milligan. The girls are indebted to the organization of Miss Robertson and the friendly supervision of the teachers who joined her each Saturday morning.



Inter-Room Volleyball

Room 1 ball-punchers romped through the Grade 11 and 12 series without a black mark against them. But Room 18, causing them many a qualm, came close on their heels. In the Grade 10 schedule Room 8 repeated Room 1's feat by winning five out of five games. Room 9 was runner-up. The teams of Rooms 1 and 8 threw everything into the clash for the school championship. Room 1 managed to push the ball out of their opponent's hands just often enough to catch school honours. Congratulations to both teams for a fine exhibition of precision and sportsmanship.



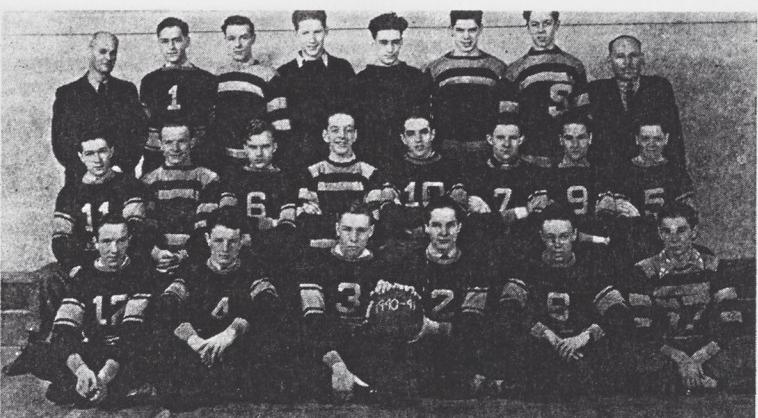
Speed Skating

In the inter-high speed-skating competition held in the Amphitheatre rink this winter, E. Atkins, E. Combe, M. Guravich and B. Hall snatched away the Grade 12 laurels. Close on their heels darted the Grade 11 girls, B. Bowie, R. Buchanan, K. Mulvey, M. Makarsky and M. White.

These placed second in the city schools' competition and in the invitation races against the suburban schools. B. Bowie, M. Davis, M. Makarsky and M. White took top honours in the girls' unlimited. Snappy skating, girls!



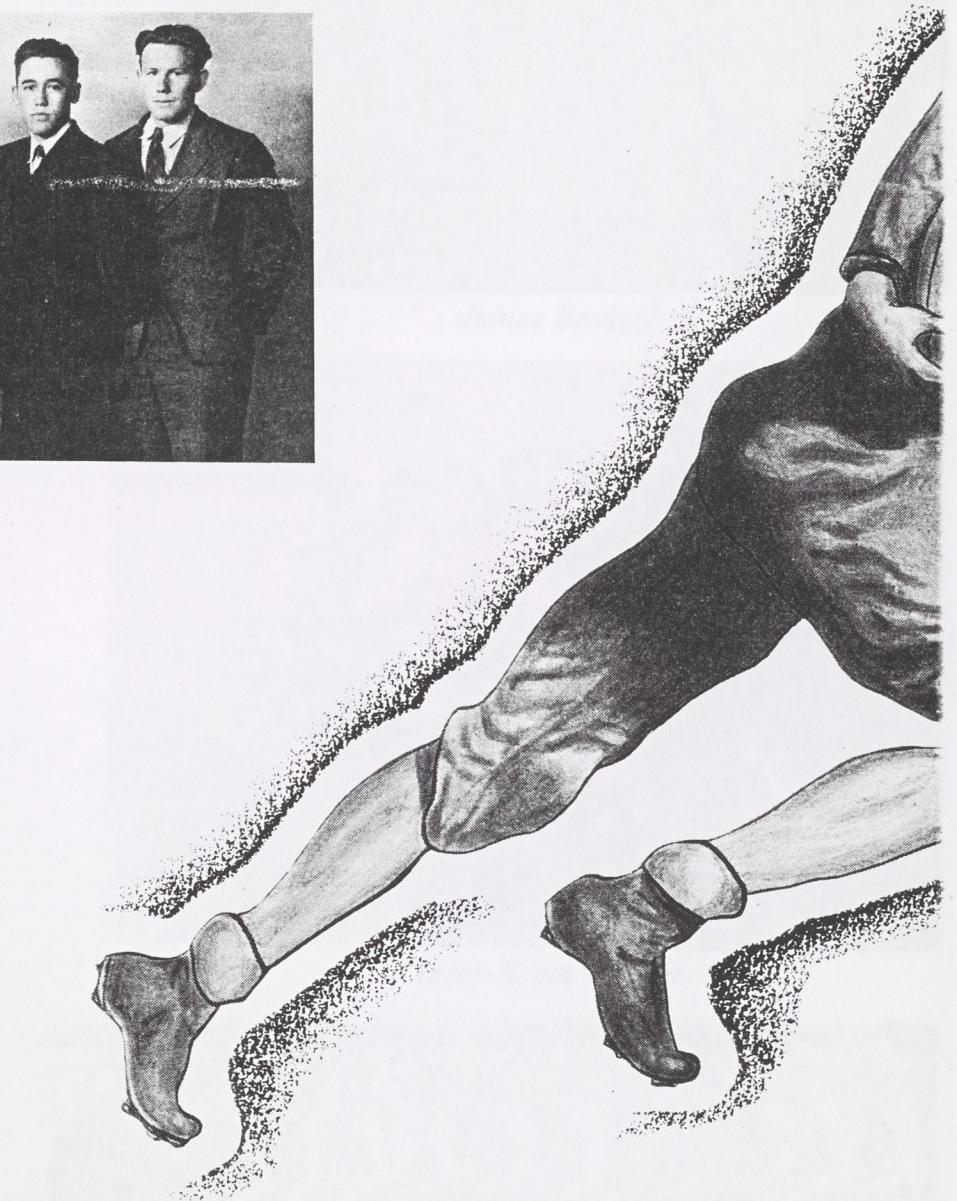
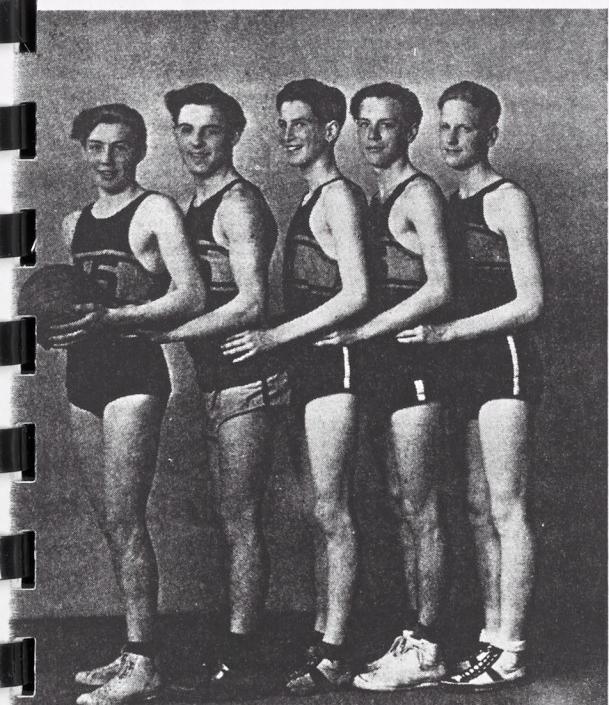
Inter-High Soccer "A" Team



Inter-High Soccer "B" Team



Inter-Room Hockey



Drawing by Murray Howes

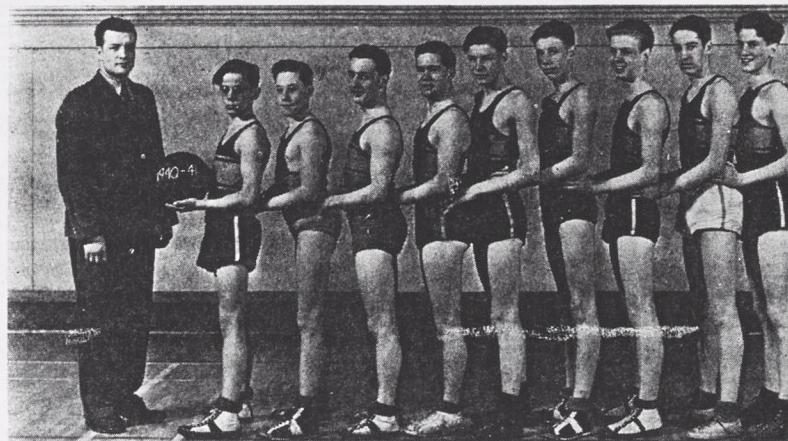
Inter-Room Basketball



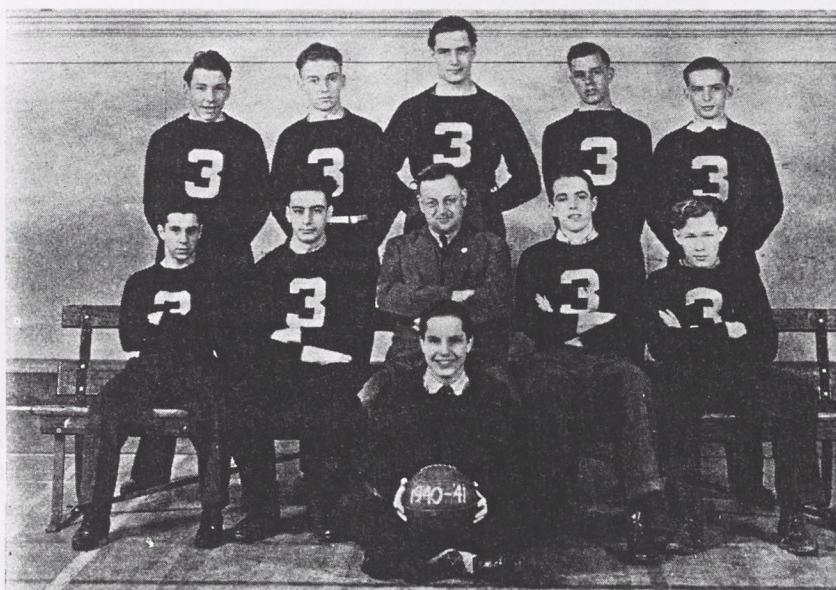
Senior Volleyball



Junior Volleyball



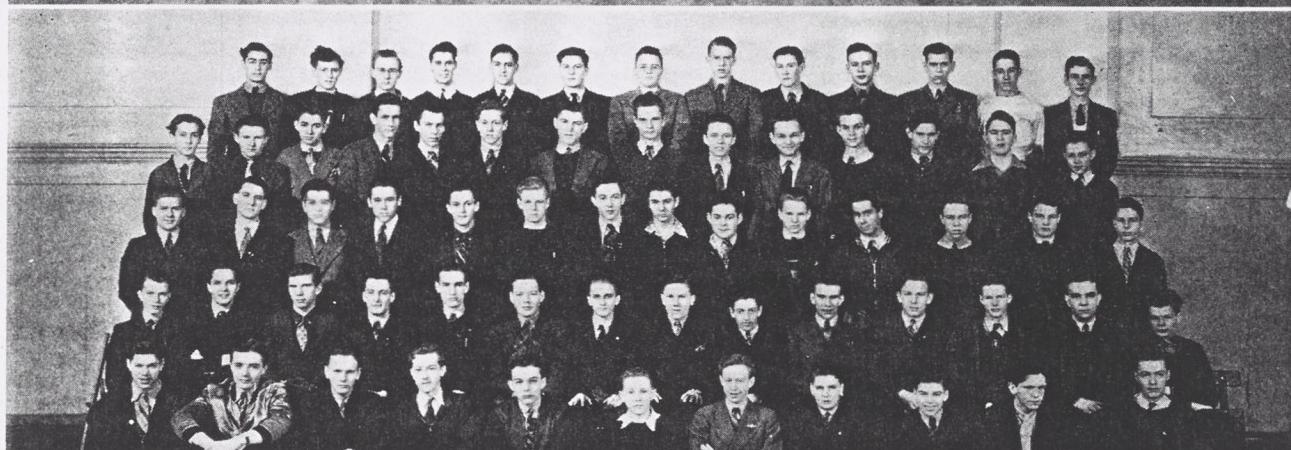
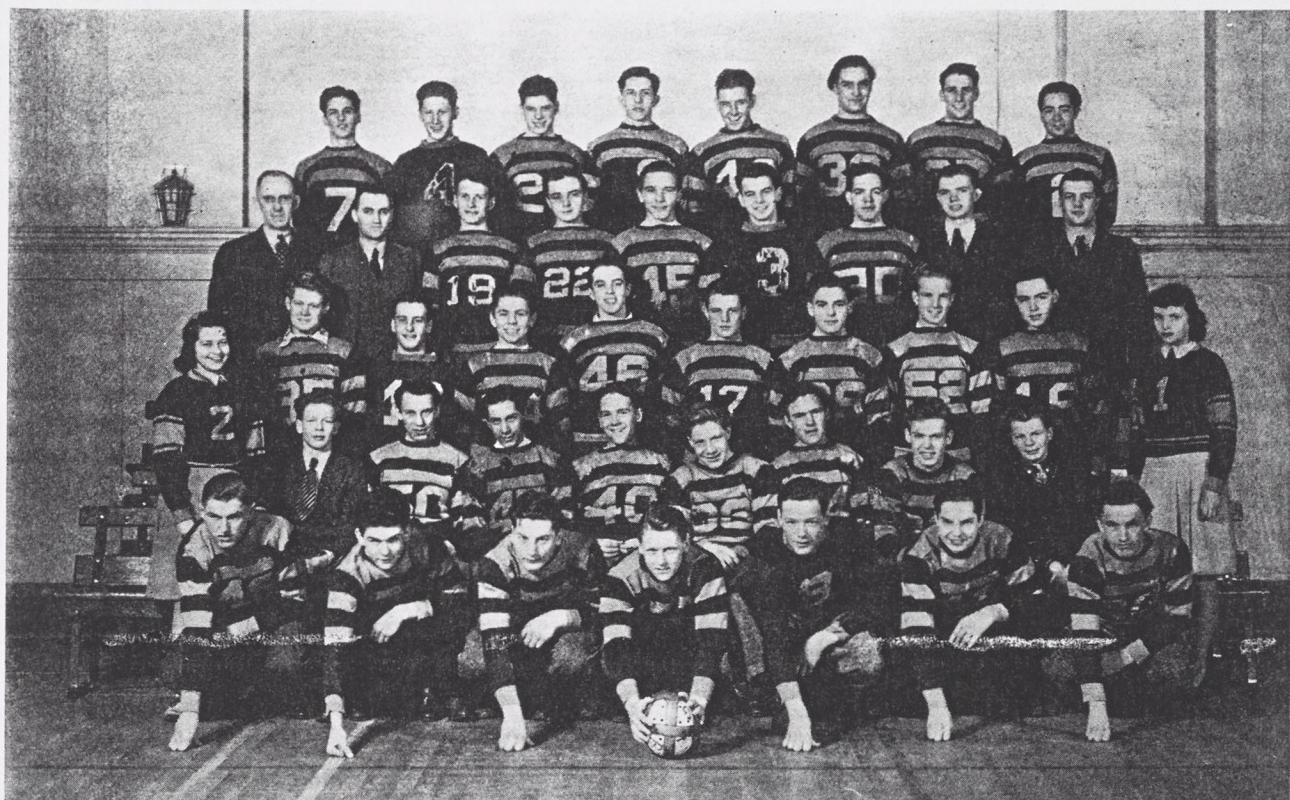
Junior Basketball



Inter-Room Soccer



Senior Basketball



Rugby

Once again the Purple and Gold Panthers crouched waiting (probably sleeping) in their dens while the excitement of their seemingly ribald life moved on around them. Then suddenly, a missile was thrown into the den, bouncing firstly on Mathers, a huge cat who is always out in front, and then successively onto the heads of the other mates. This roused the pets into a fury and they sprang to the attack, displaying a terrifying offence which had too long lain latent. Far too long, for the scraps that were left did not prove the Panthers to be total victors.

This, folks, in an egg-shell, tells the story of the success of our 1940 Rugby squad. We hit hard when we *did* hit, but that wasn't soon enough. The other high-school teams bettered us during the first half of the season, not because they had any more "stuff," as it is called, but because we didn't strut *our* "stuff" right from the start. First of all we buckled before our old rival, Kelvin, 5-0; then to Isaac Newton, Daniel McIntyre and St. Johns with successive trimmings of 21-0, 4-3 and 12-10.

But on the return schedule, with our dignity deflated and our ire smouldering we overturned Kelvin 13-9. Isaac Newton (3-1) and Daniel McIntyre (12-6), one after the other fell before the gale. Due to bad weather at this stage of our schedule, the game with St. Johns was cancelled and we were left holding the bag.

Every team, of course, has its star line and back-field players and we certainly had our share this year. Mathers, "the crusher," Toshack, "the eel," and Jarman, "the brute," were without a doubt the best cement-mixers, while Woods, Chown, Cannem, Ballance, Beatty, Bickell, McCawley and Graham were the finest-made "bricks" in the team's wall. The rest of the team will go down in Gordon Bell history as the "gallant enthusiasts of a fine team"—and that, they were.

The fellows of the team give a hearty vote of thanks to Arnie Coulter and Earl Hamilton, who gave time and unlimited efforts to make the team a success.

Members of the team are as follows: F. Mathers, W. Toshack, R. Jarman, D. McCawley, J. Combe, R. Ballance, G. Cannem, B. Graham, G. Chown, R. Woods, R. Tallin, J. Shaver, J. Smith, W. Porteous, W. Hanbury, G. Hayward, L. Garret, R. Furney, N. Cleveland, R. Sutherland, D. Brown, J. Beatty, J. Hammond, E. Hobson, T. Kay, H. McKinnon, G. Manders, C. Mergny, G. Townsend, R. Peach, J. Stout, E. Sturton, R. Mawford, A. Weatherhead and F. Bickell.

Competition proved racy and intense. Jim Wasson copped top honours in the high singles, while the high team score went to Whiteys, captained by Bill Whitehead. Stormy was the Inter-High ten-pin tournament, and after a mettlesome struggle the odds kept the boys in fourth place. . . . Keep Shakey Joe scuttling, boys!



Curling Club

It was a smooth, dappled granite, slowly cork-screwing down a sheet of ice, that brought the scientist, Mr. Gow, out of hibernation. And that was an event, for it meant that the G.B. Curling Club would get under way. The club seems unable to move until Mr. Gow, with his untiring efforts and love of the game, starts those granites sliding.

After a high-toned schedule of smooth hurling and furious broom handling, Mr. Green and Mr. Arnason were neck and neck for first place with one loss apiece. The play-off was a hair-raiser. But Mr. Green, whose team consisted of Gordon Chown, *third*, Lloyd Williams, *second*, and Don Olson, *lead*, managed to nose out Mr. Arnason in a close-fought game to take the school championship.

Near the end of the season our team challenged the Daniel McIntyre fellows for the Thistle Club Trophy. And that game was a heart-breaker! A very close score left us a snail-span behind. Later, however, some of the club's more enthusiastic members formed rinks and entered the Manitoba Bonspiel, where they gained much valuable experience.

Mr. Gow and the rest of the Curling Staff have our hearty congratulations for a well "spieled" season.



Junior Basketball

The Junior Basketball Team batted the ball through a hard-fought schedule, leaving a trail of which all can be proud. If the team did not finish with top standing, it was nevertheless far from holding down the cellar berth. But whether winning or losing the boys played the game the G.B. way—*hard and on the square*.

The adding machine gave us a final count of two wins and three league losses. Kelvin's zone defense and St. Paul's sniping handcuffed us and we were defeated in our first two starts. Then, suddenly, we clicked and knocked off Isaac Newton 42-29. The next game with St. Johns kept both teams pounding, but St. Johns, by a slim margin, managed to nose us out. Finally our bantam cagers took the ball completely out of the hands of the Ravenscourt senior team and dropped it through the basket 28 to their 13 times. It was a disappointment when Daniel McIntyre forfeited their game to us.

The team was well captained by Norm Cleveland; and Syd Glenesk's twenty-four points in a single game was the all high of the season.

Mr. Walker's careful and enthusiastic coaching won all the players' regard and gratitude.

Boys' Bowling

Every Saturday morning the maples of a downtown alley flew, clattering, before the onslaught of the G.B. Boys' Bowling Club. As the season progressed, the glass smooth bowls knifed closer and closer to the centre pin until Shakey Joe, the pin boy, was scuttling like a water-bug to keep out of their way.

Senior Volleyball

Our inter-high volley ball thumpers kept the ball bobbing in mid-air a good deal of the time, but let it bob out of reach a little too often to win the inter-high pennant. Spurred on by the nimble performance of their captain, Betty Hall, the girls chalked up two tough victories over Cecil Rhodes and Lord Selkirk. But these two hard-earned aces were trumped by Kelvin, St. Johns, Isaac Newton and Daniel McIntyre.

But the honour of G.B. was safe in their hands, whether the ball was or not. Under the hard drives of heavier teams our girls never lost heart and displayed a sportsmanship that has always been the pride of our school.

The girls wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Robertson for her coaching and encouragement all through the season.



Junior Volleyball

The girls of this season's Junior Volleyball Team served, drove and spiked their way through the defense of every other team in the league to tie for top place with Isaac Newton, Kelvin and Cecil Rhodes. The season began sluggishly; our girls lost their very first game. But with their captain, Hazel Dixon, dancing a keen lively game, the girls successfully trimmed their opponents in every other game but one, finishing the most successful season in some years.

Let's see this record maintained and pushed on by all our other Junior Volleyball teams. Certainly, with Miss Robertson coaching and instructing as she has been all season, this should not be hard.



Inter-Room Hockey

The inter-room hockey schedule ran through the hour-glass with plenty of gusto and hard hitting, not unskilled puck-chasing. The Grade 10 series saw Room 21 uniforms all over their opponents' defense areas. Those slippery team-mates zig-zagged down the scarred ice to score their way to the top of the Grade 10 league. In the Grade 11 and 12 series, Room 14 high-tailed off down the rink, but Room 6 pucksters ate up the ice just as furiously and banged the puck into the twine to take two of the three games scheduled.

The finals, a "sudden death" affair at the Olympic Rink, found the Room 6 sticks flashing along the ice like the teeth of a buzz-saw. The rigging tangled ten times before this onslaught, while Room 21 slipped the puck through only twice.

Our congratulations to Room 6! And our gratitude to Mr. D. S. McIntyre under whose supervision the schedule was run off.

Inter-Room Basketball

The Room teams this season bounced a brand of basketball that tied the nets in knots. Stretching arms of Room 14 plumped the leather egg through the ring enough times to win the Grade 11 and 12 championship. The unexpected joker in this series was dealt by Room 15 to Room 5.

The fierce deadlock between Rooms 20 and 10 in the Grade 10 league was finally broken by the keen young blades of the latter team. The "O" boy was great in Room 20's defeat.

In the end, the pennant was tacked to the flagstaff of Room 10. The arithmetic of the game gave a score of 33 to Room 10 and 29 to Room 14. Some of the outstanding cagers of Room 10 were: McCay, Jones, Ferguson, Trigg and Sutherland. Cleveland was high man for the losers.



Inter-High Basketball

"Shoot!! . . . Shoot!! . . . Shoot!! . . . aw . . . w . . . w shucks . . ." But doggedly, the boys on our team drove the ball back for another shot. They drove back repeatedly, but not quite often enough to walk off with the inter-high silverware. They took two of the five scheduled games.

St. Johns, the hard-hitting top-notchers of the league, were closely rivalled by St. Paul's and Isaac Newton. It is hoped that our fellows will lengthen their strides next season.

Members of the Senior Basketball Team were: Tallin, Goodman, Bickell, Griffiths, Jarman, Porteous, Guest, Northcote, Deacon, McGillivray, Crossin and Sutherland.

The boys of the team wish to thank Mr. Leavens, who managed them throughout the season.



Inter-Room Soccer

The inter-room soccer schedule saw clouds of dust swirling up under the scuffling boots of the room teams. Room 3's captain, Doug Brown, kept the ball bouncing off his team-mates' toes until it had bounced its way through every other team on the Grade 11 and 12 schedule. Then, the Room 10 squad's tricky footwork snapped up for them the Grade 10 championship. When these two teams of intrepid ball-pushers came to grips, the close-knit teamwork, smooth footplay and agile goal-keeping made it one of the best matches of the season. After two such gruelling encounters the Room 3 players were found clutching the inter-room laurels. Congratulations to both teams for their sportsmanship and perseverance!

All the fellows join in giving a hearty cheer for Mr. Fyles and Mr. Moore for their coaching and careful supervision.

Inter-Room Field Day

	<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>GIRLS</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>
High Jump.....	1. Fasken (16) 2. Willows (4) 3. Combe (16)	1. Hayward (11 & 12) 2. Clarke (11 & 12) 3. MacCharles (4)	1. Shilliday (7) 2. Foster (1) 3. Woolliams (4)	1. Chown (5) 2. Manson (11 & 12) 3. Bowie (18)	
75 Yards.....	1. Combe (16) 2. Hall (16) 3. Walker (16)	1. Clarke (11 & 12) 2. Godard (20) 3. White (1) 3. Huff (5)	1. Phillips (1) 2. Walker (13) 3. Drewe (4)	1. Bowie (18) 2. Chwaliboga (7) 3. Miller (9)	
Ball Throw.....	1. Skene (7) 2. Devaney (16) 3. Essery (4) 3. Middleton (7)	1. Bell (13) 2. Foulkes (9) 3. Colwell (9)	1. Sweeney (7) 2. Phillips (1) 3. Kowch (7)	1. Bowie (18) 2. Chwaliboga (7) 3. Atkinson (11 & 12)	
Shuttles.....		<i>Grades 11 & 12</i>		<i>Grade 10</i>	
Hurdles.....		1. Room 1 2. Room 16 3. Room 18	1. Room 4 2. Room 18 3. Room 1	1. Room 1 2. Room 13 3. Room 9	
Room Points.....	Rooms 11 & 12—19 Points Room 16—15 Points Room 1—14 Points Room 7—14 Points		Room 18—11 Points Room 4—10½ Points Room 5—8½ Points Room 13—8 Points		Room 9—5 Points Room 20—2 Points Room .8—1 Point

BOYS

	<i>Primary</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Intermediate</i>	<i>Senior</i>
100 Yards.....	1. Rue (3) 2. Sandison (10) 3. McLeod (6)	1. Cleveland (14) 2. Irwin (20) 3. Kahane (15)	1. Queen (3) 2. Moore (8 & 13) 3. Jarman (14)	1. Hayward (14) 2. Bannister (20) 3. McGillivray (15)
220 Yards.....	1. Rue (3) 2. Sandison (10) 3. McLeod (6)	1. Irwin (20) 2. Cleveland (14) 3. Parliament (8 & 13)	1. Moore (8 & 13) 2. Derraugh (6) 3. Beacock (15)	1. Hayward (14) 2. Bannister (20) 3. Guest (14)
Broad Jump.....	1. Ewart (15) 2. Taylor (15) 3. Weatherhead (15)	1. Glenesk (14) 2. Feldsted (20) 3. Lawrence (20)	1. Jarman (14) 2. Toshack (22) 3. Hastings (8 & 13)	1. Hayward (14) 2. McKinnon (2) 3. Johnson (15)
Hop Step and Jump.....	1. Weatherhead (15) 2. Jones (15) 3. Karle (15)	1. Glenesk (14) 2. Moore (10) 3. Feldsted (20)	1. Jarman (14) 2. Cawker (21) 3. Harper (10)	1. Bickell (10) 2. McKinnon (2) 3. Siddall (21)
Shot Put.....	1. Jones (15) 2. Karle (15) 3. Scardina (6)	1. Lawrence (20) 2. Howard (3) 3. Kahane (15)	1. Westman (8 & 13) 2. McCay (10) 3. Smith (22)	1. Bickell (10) 2. Cruse (14) 3. Mathers (15)
High Jump.....	1. McLeod (6) 2. Sandison (10) 3. Johnston (21)	1. Irwin (20) 2. Moore (10) 3. _____	1. Toshack (22) 2. Ferguson (3) 3. _____	1. McKinnon (2) 2. Bickell (10) 3. Johnson (15)
Half Mile.....	1. Weatherhead (15) 2. Jones (15) 3. Scardina (6)	1. Cleveland (14) 2. Glenesk (14) 3. Howard (3)	1. Toshack (22) 2. Moore (8 & 13) 3. Wortzman (15)	1. Harrison (14) 2. Crossin (8 & 13) 3. Brownell (14)
Mile.....	1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____	1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____	1. Oxby (8 & 13) 2. Thomas (14) 3. Young (22)	1. Brown (3) 2. Grant (8 & 13) 3. Treilhard (21)
Shuttles.....		<i>Grade 10</i>		<i>Grades 11 & 12</i>
Room Scores.....	Room 14—46 Points Room 15—31 Points Room 10—26 Points Room 3—22 Points	Room 20—19 Points Rooms 8 & 13—19 Points Room 22—10 Points		1. Room 14 2. Room 3 3. Room 15
				Room 2—8 Points Room 21—8 Points Room 6—7 Points

Inter-Room Field Day

Yawning furiously and lazily flexing their fifteen-inch biceps, the G.B. athletes came out of hibernation this spring to relieve their squeaky joints, thereby dangerously lowering the wintergreen supply. Our cindery track trotters (no! no—the tracks were cindery) trudged fearfully out to Sargent Park to run off their schedule. They had no cheering supporters, since only competitors were allowed off for the afternoon. The unfortunates competing in field events were forced to remain in the shadow of the school and to run off their events under the envious glances of *studying* classes.

But to return to Sargent Park and that gorgeous vista of grass, cinders, and empty bleachers. George Hayward (Room 14) and Pauline Clarke (Room 11), set the pace by capturing individual honours in both field and track competition. The rest of the flat-feet who gave their soles for their rooms were Cleveland (Room 14), Beryl Bowie (Room 18), Bickell (Room 10), Marg Phillips (Room 1), Glenesk (Room 14), and Irwin (Room 20). Despite some highly competitive leg-flinging, George Hayward managed to leg-fling a little better than anyone else, and was the only nine point winner of the day.

HOLD ON! Let's stop and think. Let's look at this question of Field Day. Why do we have a Field Day?

Some apparently believe that it is merely an opportunity for strewing more laurels on the heads of exceptional athletes. Some feel that it is hopeless for them to compete when perennial track stars are in the running. Some undoubtedly feel stage-struck.

But let's think this whole matter over. The varied sports program of Field Day was not designed merely to produce winners; its purpose was, and still is, to educate physically the student body as a whole, to give everyone an opportunity of receiving the benefits which come from competing in such sports. You may be good in track-work. Why not train for next year's Field Day, so that you will become better? You may not be the best, but that does not matter. You will receive the solid benefits of competing. Let's actively recognize these facts, so that next year, more people than ever before will turn out to try—perhaps to fail in the end, but at least to try.

Inter-High Field Day

Blaring bands . . . roaring crowds . . . seething colours . . . score boards . . . ice cream . . . and five thousand frantic student sport-addicts! Hank, the peanut vendor, found his Utopia on Friday, May 23. That day at the Osborne Stadium the athletic elite of Winnipeg High Schools met to match muscle for muscle.

G.B. raced and jumped into third place behind the heels of St. Johns and Kelvin. To begin with, George Hayward (Room 14), Elsie Combe (Room 16), and Doug Brown (Room 3), threw ten well-earned points in the direction of the score board. The Boys' Junior Shuttle team pushed the count further by carrying their baton to first place. But Tragedy's shadow fell over the Senior team. After they had romped far out in front, a misplaced shuttle stopped the purple sweaters just long enough for every other team to sweep by.

Seven G.B. gladiators of the cinders and the sand-pits pranced off the field with second-place ribbons:

Cleveland loped through the gruelling Junior Half Mile for a second. In the Intermediate High Jump Toshack swung himself over a bar just a shade below first place while in the Senior High Jump, McKinnon did the same. Marg Phillips sandwiched between first and third in the "C"

Class Sprint. Margaret Chown and Fay Manson shared second honors in the "D" Class High Jump. And George Queen shot in, right behind the spikes of the winner of the Intermediate 100 Yards Dash.

Glenesk stretched the third-longest tape-measure in the Junior Broad Jump. Elaine Fasken, in the "A" Class High Jump, clearing the third-highest bar. And Bickell plumped the Senior Shot-put third-farthest from the circle. Our Girls' "B" Class Shuttle team also spanked the finishing line for a third place.

Such, then, was the cream of G.B. physique.

True, Field Day did not give them the opportunity of strewing battered records in their wake. But it did give everyone a chance to put a great deal of sportsmanship into action. There were sudden victories and there were disappointments. But the hinges of G.B. fair play were well oiled. It was a red-letter day. Hank, the peanut vendor, thought so too!

- AD LIBS ON THE CANDID PAGE
- 1—Stewie gets coy.
 - 2—Ambling bean-pole.
 - 3—McDonald and Devaney chuckle over Field Day.
 - 4—Spring fever—who is she, Johnson?
 - 5—No, not a highland fling—just Jarman's broad-jump.
 - 6—And they're all in step, too!
 - 7—Toshack in shadow.
 - 8—Lift that left leg, lady!
 - 9—Coyne bashes the bull-skin.
 - 10—That cherubic smile.
 - 11—Taste good, Zoe?
 - 12—Portrait of a "Doc."
 - 13—Stretch it, Cleveland!
 - 14—"Gabriel, blow your horn!"
 - 15—Gordon Bell Cadet Corps.
 - 16—Gordon Bell Cadet Corps.
 - 17—The picture with a story.
 - 18—Monkey's view of a man.
 - 19—Shaving the bamboo.
 - 20—The arm of the almighty.
 - 21—Swedish massage.
 - 22—Rankin on the rampage.
 - 23—Meatball's molars.
 - 24—We think it's all right, too, girls!
 - 25—And everybody ducked.
 - 26—Do they really dance that way?
 - 27—Prelude to that famous grin.
 - 28—Duffield gets the bum's rush.
 - 29—"Should I let him take this?"
 - 30—Mr. Fyles grimly surveys Field Day.
 - 31—That's Edna behind the fist.
 - 32—The Gunner.
 - 33—That hair!
 - 34—Cam slings the slush-pump.
 - 35—What's wrong with the horns, Mr. Snider?
 - 36—A mile's a long trudge.
 - 37—We military masterminds—well, masters anyway.
 - 38—The cheerleaders in action.
 - 39—Ewart—a martyr to the style of bangs.
 - 40—Impromptu syncopation in the bleachers.

Pictures by John Wallis, John Graham

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OLD LAW COURTS BUILDING



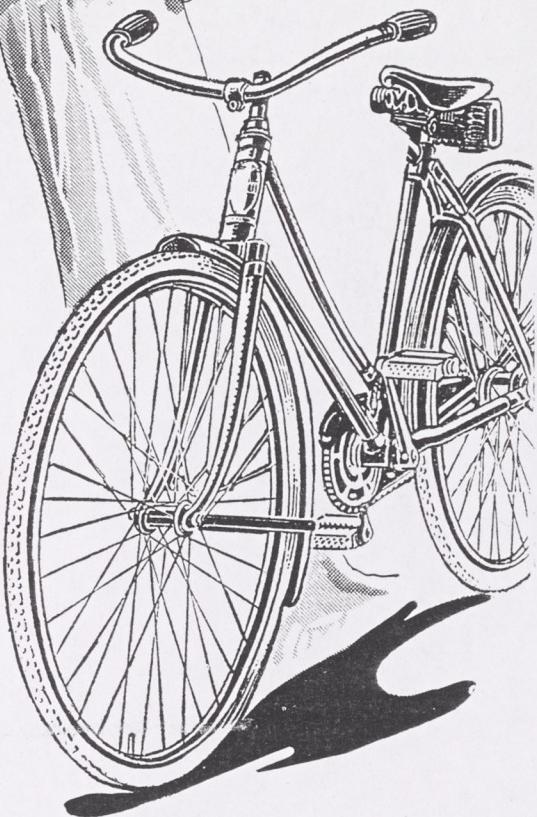


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JOAN ELLACOTT

Those We Delight to Honour

Prizes, scholarships, bursaries, awards, whatever name be given to these encouragements to learning, have become an inseparable part of academic life. No university convocation, college graduation or high school closing exercises is complete without an honour list of recipients of awards. And it has been so in greater or less degree from the earliest times.

Such encouragements have had very different purposes. In their simplest form they were bribes; in their most inspired, honours and incentives; in their most practical they gave actual financial assistance in tuition fees or in the purchase of books. With the comparatively recent spread of education to the masses of the people, such bursaries have increased in number and value. Munificent bequests like the Rhodes and Guggenheim Foundations reach the proportions of big business. Manitoba is not without its share of coveted awards, and last year four important outside scholarships came to Gordon Bell recipients.

Coming to details of personal attainment, first mention must be for Kenneth Williamson, school president, 1939-40, who gained two bursaries: an Isbister Scholarship, and one of the valuable Leonard Scholarships, which provide an annual grant of \$200 for the four years of a university course.

Alice Walker also obtained one of the Leonard Scholarships.

A further award came to G. B. when Ted Brownell, Valedictorian, 1940, won another Isbister Scholarship.

Perhaps the most important individual distinction which a Canadian High School student can receive is the Governor General's Medal, for it is given in recognition not only of scholastic ability, but for general qualities of character as well. It was Kenneth Williamson's additional honour to win this medal.

Besides these awards from without, Gordon Bell was proud to be able to reward various other distinguished students with what may be called "family" prizes. The staff prize of books went to Joan Ellacott; the Grade XI boys' prize for outstanding work in mathematics and English, together with participation in school activities, was gained by Norman Cleveland; Dr. Gordon Chown's Prize for general proficiency in history and science was won by Roy Essery; the Latin and French medal was won by Muriel Peterson. Chester Ralph was selected as school historian for the year.

An additional language prize which the Gordon Bell had the privilege to offer last year was the medal for proficiency in French given by the French Consul, M. Henri Bourgearel, on behalf of the Government of France. Alan Adams was chosen for this award.

Finally, a new award last year, the gift of the Gordon Bell Alumni Association, was won by Joan Lee.

Of all these winners the school is justly proud. Their success is not only a personal one, but adds a pleasant lustre to the already honourable name of the school. Let us offer them Gordon Bell's most cordial felicitations.—Dr. Patrick, Miss Smith.



NORMAN CLEVELAND



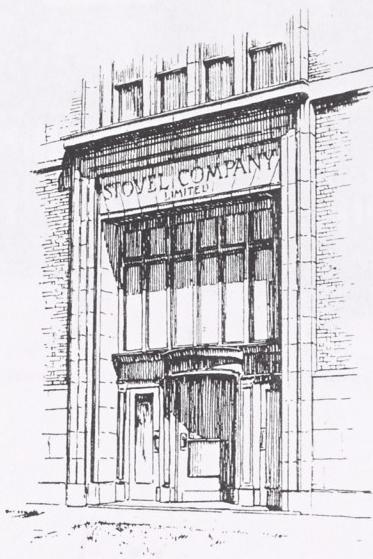
ALAN ADAMS



TED BROWNELL



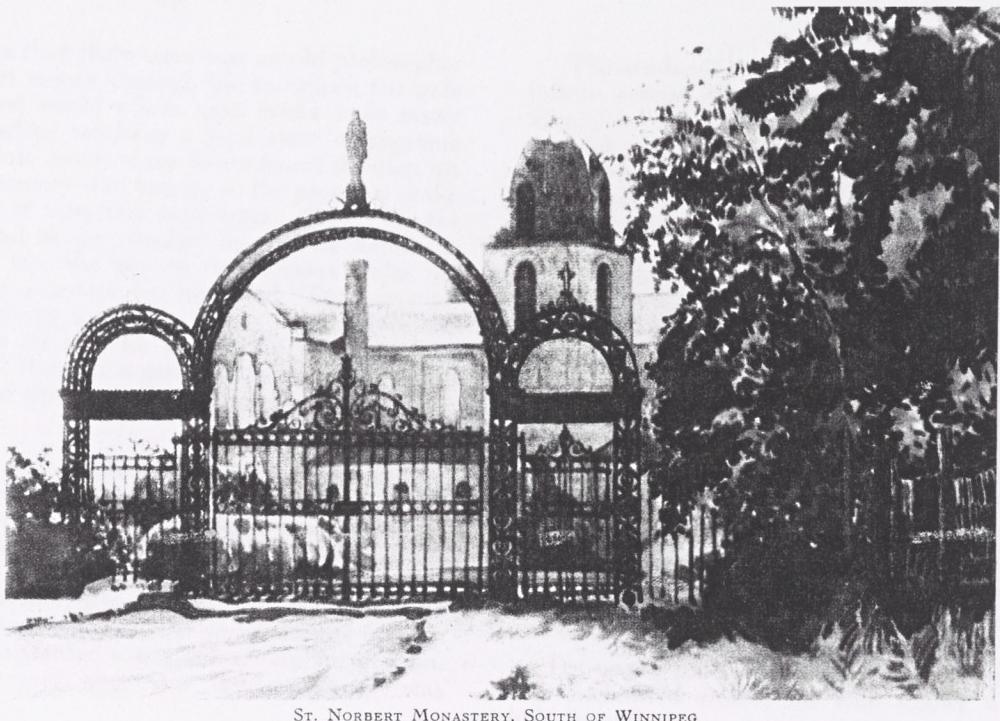
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Literary

The Library ...

Legend says that there once was an old philosopher who had sought vainly through life to unlock the gate of an enchanted world where man could walk many paths of life before reaching a final state of supreme satisfaction, could learn many lessons and develop his ideals amidst serenity and beauty in the presence of the greatest voices of time and experience. When life for the old man had nearly reached its end, he found, to his everlasting joy, the key to the glorious realm for which he sought, a golden key inscribed "THE LOVE OF BOOKS." In striving towards a better world, however, he had not lost his love for the one in which he had first dwelt; and thus, in a generous gesture, he made many replicas of this magic key for the use of all mankind.

Nine years ago, to the amazement of the school, Mr. Jewitt found a golden key on a shelf of books in his office. After much consultation it was discovered that this was one of the golden keys of legend. As time, of course, brings its changes, it was only natural that the wonderful realm of old should have been modernized in every sense of the word. It was now an institution, an enchanted world of learning, inspiration, and recreation—and thus our school library was founded.

• • MEGAN WILLOWS

The students will probably never appreciate to the fullest extent the magnificent influence which our library is. Here words and atmosphere conspire to reap for us the bounty of literature. And was there ever a greater bounty? Here, every day lives are unfolded, problems solved, strange countries visited and time turned back. But those are the least of the wonders experienced, for here, where words reign, the incentive which finds birth in knowledge and leads to success is developed; here ambitions are born; ideals established; and the desire for recreation fulfilled. Indeed, here the writers of tomorrow may learn from the greatest masters the wonders of the pen. Unfortunately, all of us are not as vulnerable as others to the great forces alive in the library. All, however, are affected in that our literary tastes are guided along the most favorable channels. The school library is without doubt one of the greatest influences in our school lives.

The students can be proud of the library which, owing to the interested and expert supervision of Miss Anderson and the generosity of friends, has become one of the best school libraries in the city.

Let us use the golden key which unlocks the gate to this enchanted world; for who knows what it may hold for us?

The Library



Our Thanks To . . .

"Variety," to use an old adage, "is the spice of life." It is the dash of adrenalin in a Year Book.

The picture of this literary section which we dreamed up was a mosaic in which each piece of writing would flash a different hue. It is difficult to please over six hundred individual tastes. We sought to overcome this by a wide variety of poems and articles.

Too, it was our dream to maintain in this department, an atmosphere, dignified but not in the least frightening. Remember, you do not have to be a Graduate to appreciate modern literature.

Professor A. L. Phelps

Me. "More poems?"

Dave. "Yes. Twenty of them. Will you choose eight? We want to print them."

Me. "Why?"

Dave. "Well—I—it fills up the Year Book I suppose. . . ."

Me. "Just the eight longest, then?"

Dave. "Hardly that. We thought you'd try to get the eight best."

Me. "You mean two lines might be better than forty?"

Dave. "'Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.'"

Me. "What?"

Dave. "That's poetry isn't it? In a single line."

Me. "I don't think I can find the eight best. One may be streamlined, but its valves need grinding; one may have a fine finish, but only three wheels; one may have a good engine, but no steering gear. What am I to do? There may be a nice little model, fine chassis, smooth lines, but nothing under the bonnet. . . . It's apt to be exasperating. What if I prefer a good engine to a fine finish and can't get them both together? Or vice versa?"

Dave. "Can't you judge poems easier than you can judge cars and dames?"

Me. "Not in this weather. But I once heard a fellow say that it's a good rule for the amateur poet to maintain his chosen metre and rhyme scheme consistently, to keep imagination and rhythm under control in relation to the central theme and emotion and"

Dave. "Yes?"

Me. "And to be sure he gets something expressed in the best possible way for him (or her), using every literary device available."

Dave: "You mean he must take the words of the dictionary and put them together and make them sing the song he wants sung? As simple as that?"

Me: "Dave, you said it; or, in other words, my dear fellow, you expressed the matter adequately and succinctly."

Dave: "Will you select eight poems which you think might suggest the variety of what Gordon Bell is doing when it goes poetic?"

Me: "I'll be glad to. The opportunity is an honour and a great pleasure. But the eight will not exhaust all the interesting experiments. I know I shall have to leave out a lot of worthy material."

Dave: "O.K."

Me: "Should you say 'O.K.?' "

Dave: "I suppose it is not the most dignified form of expression."

Me: "I agree. O.K."

Mrs. Kathleen Strange

It was with great pleasure that I again judged the Short Story Contest of the Year Book of Gordon Bell School. I must say that I was very agreeably surprised at the general excellence of the work; the topics chosen covered many different fields and all of them showed careful research for detail and considerable skill in the telling. I had only one general criticism, which was that many of the stories

The dream—we feel—has been frozen into fact. The judges of our Year Book contests have done this. To say merely that we are grateful is gross understatement. Each of the three judges spent time and thought in picking out the word-gems to fit into the mosaic. They have presented articles of variety and worth. When we extend the sincere appreciation of the editorial staff, it is supported by the gratitude of over six hundred individual tastes.

Furthermore, Prof. A. L. Phelps, who judged the poems, Mrs. Kathleen Strange, the short stories, and Mr. Frank H. Williams, the literary articles, have each written a few words of comment. . . .

were "incidents" rather than "stories" in the true sense of the word. Some of them lacked in plot. The plotless story, I believe, needs the hand of a genius to "put it over," and it is always difficult to sell. I suggest, therefore, that the writers in future years pay more attention to plot in writing their stories—which means that they should see to it that their stories have struggle and suspense, with the hero or heroine faced with some obstacle or obstacles which, in the course of the story development, they overcome.

The story which I selected for the prize this year—and I regret that only one prize could be given, for so many others merited reward—was chosen because it most effectively fulfilled the requirements of plot, good writing and emotional appeal. The writer shows decided promise and her story, I am sure, will be read with pleasure and approval by all.



Mr. Frank H. Williams

The task of judging essays in a competition such as this is simplified to some extent by the action of a group which has sifted out those which do not measure up to a certain standard of efficiency. But, in eliminating this unnecessary labor on the part of the critic, another burden is added—that of selecting the best from a uniformly good group of articles.

Therefore, good writing is not the sole requisite. What then? Originality is of prime importance. Human interest has equal value, while objectivity is a pearl of great price.

A professorial critic undoubtedly would make selections at variance with my choices largely because his standard of values differs from mine. But that merely represents two individual points of view and proves nothing.

"Man and the Drought," selected for inclusion in the Year Book, meets the exacting requirements of an editor and would, I believe, also merit the warm consideration of an academic authority, as well.

This essay won approval for the constructive and objective manner in which it dealt with our primary problem of the prairies—drought. It was rather lengthy, but not unduly so, considering the magnitude of the subject. Facts were marshalled and the conclusion pointed.

"Peace without Victory" was given honourable mention only because the ideals discussed while universal, insofar as the British Empire is concerned, may not be wholly attained by ourselves.

"A Plea for Poetry," the second essay given honourable mention was a delightful philosophical effort dealing with a subject of great importance in these times when escape activities loom as a necessary sedative.

"Colour," given third honourable mention, revealed a keen analytical mind, sensitive to influences about us that escape the majority.



The Tailor's Shop

*A shimmering bolt of turquoise blue
Satin was strung aloft;
Beneath my feet lay yellow-green
Silk, so soft
I longed to clothe myself within it.
And swaths of strong corduroy, rich brown
And glistening black, surged in tumbled bolts,
Far to my right.
A tiny patch of silvery, watered silk
Gleamed bluely, dazzling sight and sense,
Blinding in its glory.
Queer-cut scraps of coarse, green tweed,
Dark, rich, intense in splendid strength of colour,
Dotted the whole exquisite scene.
Occasionally, little squares of glowing,*

*Yellow linen nestled in among the
Greens and browns, and pale
Blue ribbons streaked and wound their way
Across the multi-coloured scene.
Magnificent bolts of clean, white satin
Were piled high upon the shelves for future use.
Oh yes, a few bleak greys and blacks
Were to be found upon those shelves, but on the whole,
The colours cried aloud in vibrant
Strength and brilliancy.
Here was a master tailor at his work,
Using materials to make us mortals sing;
The tailor's name is "God"; His shop, the world;
And I called in to watch with joy
While He made Spring. —John Graham*

We Thank Thee Lord

The sheen of moonlight brilliance across the winter snow,
The silhouette of ancient pines against the sunset's glow,
The calm of evening waters when the summer dusk is gray,
For these our several blessings Lord, we thank Thee every day.

The way a cat will fold her paws, and snooze in a fire-side chair,
The glint of dancing fire-light, on loving silver hair,
The rush of dashing waters white, below a waterfall,
For these, and all our blessings Lord, we thank Thee, one and all.

—Geraldine Taylor



The Cross Roads

The wind whirled round the steeple black,
The grisly moon shone bright,
The charcoal burned relentlessly,
I chilled again with fright.

For 'neath the starry sky above,
There ran a stream of blood;
I hesitated; nerved myself,
Went forward with the flood.

That all around did surge and die
As sugar in champagne;
And from my host I heard a groan
That shook my soul with pain.

Decision meant finality—
'Twas such a ghastly choice,
The clock ticked on remorselessly,
In vain I sought my voice.

The question reared its ugly head
The phantom was no dream.
I simply could not make a choice
For pink or white ice-cream.

—Pat Howard

The Tale's Ending

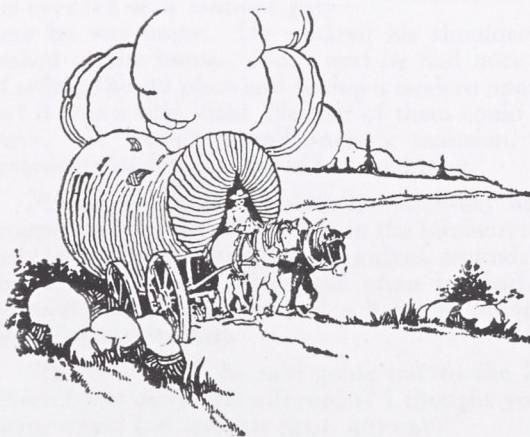
A thin slip of the crescent moon,
The quivering cry of a lonely loon.
The spider web of a frozen tree,
The endless rasp of the weary sea,
And loneliness for me.

The crimson blade of a ragged cloud,
Slashing the sky, that cries aloud
In the hopeless moan of half-mad winds,
That mockingly tortures, bleakly rescinds
All hope for me.

The light-limned edge of a lichenized crag,
The angry storm-cloud's sullen sag,
The dirty threads of drab, grey rain,
Hissing the song at me once again—
Loneliness for me.

The dull, half-glare of a gloom-struck day,
The merciless stare of the crescent bay,
The vacant smile of the river, that lends
An idiot's touch to the tale that ends—
Loneliness for me.

—John Graham



Sunset on Portage Avenue

The road's a crimson stream of light cascading to the West,
And dazed and blinded city eyes contain a nameless quest.
The noise of hurtling traffic is a rapid's angry roar,
When every wheel that takes the light becomes a flashing oar;
And every weary housewife has a longing in her eyes,
As glowing as the glory of the flaming golden skies,
To walk into the sunset light with open arms to greet
The freedom of the prairies, far from every city street.

I stick becomes a rifle that is tighter in the hand;
Men feel a rising discontent they do not understand,
Till sense and thought are swept away in thrilling sunset streams
And men are free and uncontrolled—the people of their dreams.
With clear and eager, steadfast eyes they watch the sinking sun
Each an inherent voyageur since travelling was begun
Till suddenly the last bright glow has faded from the sky,
And, back to town and every day, the people hurry by.

—Mildred Hall

"The Least of These . . ."

• • • JOAN ELLACOTT

Martin Leslie walked briskly down Carthage Avenue. He was whistling tunelessly under his breath, and his quick step belied his fifty-six years. He looked contentedly at the trim, well-kept lawns that fronted the substantial houses of "the avenue." They seemed to typify the people who lived behind the green-shuttered windows, somehow. You would not call them wealthy exactly, just comfortably fixed. Martin himself belonged to Carthage Avenue. He grinned as he thought of the number of times he had turned down that shaded lane — first, as a young executive member of an importing firm, then, as the president of that same company.

At one time there had been two chubby little girls, absurd replicas of himself, running to meet him. Martin thought tenderly of Connie and Beth. Marriage is the devil on fathers, he concluded bitterly. It was all bunkum about this "gaining a son" stuff. Sure the girls came home on visits sometimes, but it was not the same.

He slowed his steps; there was no need to hurry. Mary had said she was going to the bridge club this afternoon. Dinner would be a late, leisurely meal. Mary and he were lonely now in the big house.

Oh, Mary kidded him about really having time to live her own life at last, but it hurt him to see her so eager for letters from the girls, so careful to wipe away a stray tear when she went through an old picture album. He scoffed many times about "doting parents," but he still got a strange lump in his throat at the sight of a name in a book, scribbled laboriously in a childish hand.

My Gosh, Martin started, as his eyes fell on a familiar gate — here he was home. He squared his shoulders as he looked at the house. Mary and he had once spoken of selling the old place and taking a modern apartment; but it was a silly idea! Neither of them could bear to leave. It wasn't a millionaire's mansion, but it represented a full lifetime of love and labor.

Martin let himself in with his latch-key and then stopped in surprise. Mary was in the kitchen; he could hear her softly humming as she walked around. Martin smiled to himself. They had often laughed at her prima-donna efforts; she had a habit of humming to herself as she worked.

"Hello, Mary," he said going out to the kitchen, "Aren't you early this afternoon? I thought your hen-party would last another hour, anyway."

To a British War Guest

*"What are they thinking in England
As they crouch in the shelters below,
While the search-lights seek out the invading planes,
While the sirens shriek out through the smoke and
the flames
Which are setting all London aglow?"
They're thinking about the new London
That will rise from this smoking debris,
When the victory comes and the war flags are
furled,
When the long looked-for peace has returned to the
world
And all of the nations are free."
"What do they say of the Empire
As they march out to drive back the foe,
While their war-ships are sunk and their pilots are
downed,
While their comrades fall back on the blood-sodden
ground
Where only the poppies can grow?"
They're saying, 'Thank God for the Empire
Standing by us across the wild sea,
While their boys and their girls come to answer the
call
That their King and their country have need of
them all
If Britain is still to be free.'"
"What is the future of England
When this turmoil and tumult is o'er
Now that ruins are all that remain of her homes
Of cathedrals and abbeys, of turrets and domes
And her children will come home no more?"
"Old England will still be the ruler
Of the seas and the land and the air.
And those who are left will take up the old thread
For the glory of England, her King and her dead,
For Britain, majestic and fair!"*

—Phyllis Brown.

"You shut up, darling." Mary grinned impudently "Remember I didn't say anything about that big business deal affair last night."

Martin laughed. They both knew that he had landed an important client last night at dinner, but it was fun to pretend that he was having an affair with a glamorous blonde. He kissed the tip of Mary's nose. Mary was so sweet. Maybe her hair was turning grey, but her skin was still as soft as silk and her eyes twinkled wickedly.

"Mrs. Court had a meeting of the war work committee at her house, Martin, so we broke up early. She's chairman of that league which is placing evacuated children in homes."

Was Martin dreaming, or had Mary looked at him strangely as she said it?

"Oh," he said vaguely.

"They have twenty of them to place. Mrs. Court said they keep them out at a government clearing depot for six days, to check on their health. Then they take them to the private homes . . . Martin, Mrs. Court said, as the war goes on, people aren't so eager to take these children."

Martin looked at his wife. There was a new tone in her voice, a questioning, yet a pleading tone. Good heavens, he thought, Mary wants to take one of those kids!

Mary said no more on the subject and they talked of other things at dinner. Martin's mind was whirling. She wanted to take a child, a strange child, into their home. What did he think of it? Martin did not quite know himself. He and Mary could afford it, but they were both getting old. Suppose something unforeseen happened?

When dinner was over and the dishes done, both of them sat before the grate fire reading. As he looked at Mary, surreptitiously, Martin caught a hurt expression on her face. That decided him.

"Mary, I've been thinking. What do you say if we take a little evacuated girl. She'd be company for you and . . ." Martin got no farther. There was a rush of perfume across from her chair to his, and then Mary was kissing his bald spot.

"I love you, Martin," she said.

For five days after Mrs. Court had agreed to let them have one of the children, Martin saw only occasional glimpses of Mary. But she was supremely happy so he was content. She was re-furnishing one

of the girl's rooms, and her mind was running in a groove made up of "nursery rhyme" wallpaper, miniature sized bedroom suites, and pink and blue chintz. They had been told to expect a six-year old little girl on Friday evening. They could call for her at five o'clock. Mary sang continuously, and Martin felt an expectant glow about himself, towards the end of the week.

Both of them drove out to the clearing depot on Friday, and arrived precisely at five minutes to five. Mary held his hand as they were led into the superintendent's office.

"I'm so glad to see you," Miss Manson said kindly. "We know that you will love Fay, the little girl. She is almost six, and as pretty as a picture. We have had some trouble placing the older children, especially the boys, but quite a few people were crazy to get Fay. Would you like to come in and see the children?" Martin and Mary assented, and Miss Manson led them into a large adjoining room where about ten youngsters were eating. Martin felt his throat contract. They were such fine looking young people. Any war was a needless cruelty to separate them from their parents! The older man thought of his own two children, happily married with families of their own. What if he had had to part with them when they were six?

Miss Manson was speaking again. "It's fortunate Fay has no brothers or sisters. Sometimes they are nearly heartbroken to leave each other. This is Fay, Mr. Leslie." She was pointing to a pink and white cherub with golden hair. Martin heard Mary give a little cry of delight.

Just then a tall, lanky lad of fifteen or sixteen stood before Miss Manson, blocking the Leslies' view to their small charge. Martin looked at the boy with some annoyance, but he stopped when he saw the undeniable heartbreak mirrored on the freckled face.

"Miss Manson," the boy said in a strangled voice, "please don't let those people take my brother without me. He isn't very strong, ma'am, and he needs me there. I'd work for them, Miss Manson, honestly I would."

The superintendent looked kindly at the boy, and patted his arm sympathetically.

"I'm very sorry, Michael, but Mr. and Mrs. Curtis just want one boy. I'm sure they will look after Peter, and you will see him, perhaps, in the Summer."

Martin looked around to see the objects of the conversation. They stood near by, two middle-aged people who were looking at a boy of thirteen. He thought they looked rather sour, personally, and the Peter in question, was sending frightened, imploring glances towards his brother. Michael had laid his hand unconsciously on Miss Manson's arm. There was despair in his voice as he said, "But they live out of the city, ma'am. I couldn't see Peter at all. Oh, it isn't

fair, it isn't fair. There must be someone who would take us both. I'd gladly work hard if we could only be together. He's all I have out here, Miss Manson. Please."

Martin had never heard such misery in a young voice. He felt a pain around his heart that almost nauseated him. There was a strangled sound at his elbow. Mary was staring at him and there was a tremble to her mouth. Martin read a question in her eyes and he answered with his heart.

It took only a second. He said, "Say, young fellow, my wife and I have a great big house and only the two of us to live in it. How about pitching camp with us?"

Miss Manson was saying something, and the Curtises looked rather angry, but Mary was laughing with her arm around Peter, and Martin turned away from the tears that blinded Michael's eyes.

On the way home, one half hour later, Martin pretended to be absorbed in his driving, but he listened happily to the boys' excited chatter and Mary's ready laughter. He grinned as he thought of the room awaiting the fairy girl. Mike and Pete (he already thought of them as such) would look like two lilies in those dainty surroundings. There would be another furnishing bill, this time for shelves of sport equipment and man-sized bunks. Mary seemed to be getting along fine with the boys. She had glimpsed a hot-dog stand ahead.

"Martin, dear," she said suddenly, "I'll bet Pete and Michael would like a hot-dog and a drink of pop. I know I would."

There was an embarrassed admission of approval from the boys, and Martin climbed out to buy the hot-dogs that he knew Mary detested.

It was much later that night when Martin and Mary climbed into bed. There had been howls of laughter when they had seen Mike climb experimentally into the pink and blue bed that was planned with Fay in mind. Now the boys were sleeping soundly on more substantial twin-beds in the spare room.

There was a new feeling in Martin's heart. He had always secretly wanted a son—now he was to have two of them.

"Are you sorry we didn't get the little girl, Martin?" Mary asked in the darkness.

"No, I'm not, Mary. How about you?"

"I'm glad," was the reply, followed by a contented sigh.

It was a few moments later when Martin said sleepily, "Say, Mary, I'll bet Mike throws a mean baseball."



Man and the Drought

During the past years the wheat belt of Canada has suffered from severe drought, causing countless millions of dollars damage to individuals and companies throughout the nation. We ask, "What caused this drought?" The answer is—nature and man.

The wheat belt of Canada receives its moisture normally from the Gulf of Mexico. The moisture is carried from the Gulf up over the continent by warm winds, which meet with cooler winds from the north, which causes the moisture to precipitate out. Now, during the past few years these rain-bearing winds have been hot and dry, because of the drought conditions farther south. Instead of bringing natural nourishment for our soil, it has more often done great damage by blowing away the rich top loam. This, in the main, is the natural reason for the drought from which we have suffered. It has happened before and will happen again. However, man has also had a great deal to do with making the drought worse than it otherwise might have been.

In his greed for land easy to cultivate he has drained away great marshes and sloughs, leaving exposed a soil which, because of its long years under water, is of very fine texture. This soil, unless constantly moistened, is easily picked up by the wind and blown away, making a large contribution to the dust storms which we all know so well. Now, if these marshes had remained as nature had placed them, they would have alleviated the distress of farmers during the drought, by a constant evaporation of water, which would later fall as rain.

An outstanding example of this poor judgment is the Plumas marsh drainage project. The Plumas marsh soil, when exposed, was found to lack certain chemicals, very expensive to replace, which were absolutely necessary for agriculture. Furthermore, the soil was so fine that it began to "blow" as soon as the dry winds arrived. The unfortunate farmers who settled in this area were soon forced onto relief, and later abandoned the district entirely.

The case of the great Bayne marshes, just a few miles south of our own city, was slightly different. Here the soil proved to be good for agriculture, but again, as soon as the natural conditions causing drought arose, this soil was picked up by the wind, and contributed to the vicious circle. The deserted Plumas marsh was reclaimed two years ago by the organization known as "Ducks Unlimited." It is being re-flooded, and will become a great wild-duck refuge. Surely this is much better than having it blown across the continent in dust storms. Little can be done about the Bayne marsh, however, for, to reclaim it, certain rivers, such as the La Salle, would have to be dammed, thus flooding farm lands which are at present productive.

It is not only in draining marsh lands that trouble has been caused. The farmers themselves have often

• • OSBORNE SCOTT

been to blame. They have cut out trees and shrubs quite unnecessarily in their race for more land to plow up. If this natural growth had been allowed to remain, it would have broken the force of the wind, and soil-drift could have been greatly diminished.

The farmer's guilt, however, is shared by the lumberman. Forests have been cut down indiscriminately and without proper forethought. The trees were, in most cases, not replanted, so that one of our chief allies in the fight against natural drought was destroyed. The roots of the trees held together the earth, which acted as an immense sponge, preserving the natural moisture. Without this binding force the earth was scoured away, and the rivers which were fed by seepage from this source grew smaller and smaller, sometimes drying up altogether. This in turn removed a very potent source of evaporation, and so the vicious circle was again reinforced.

This is substantially what happened to much of the forest in what is now called "Riding Mountain National Park," and it is for this reason that the Assiniboine River has been so low for the past few years, for the river derived much of its moisture from these heights. This destruction of the forest contributed to the drought in another and rather curious way. By this thoughtless work a great beaver refuge was destroyed—and the beaver, apart from being a valuable fur-bearer, is one of man's allies against drought. He builds dams to control the water level, so that it will not all run out too quickly into the lakes. Being thus held, much of it evaporates, to fall later in the form of rain over a wide area. This, of course, is a very minor contributing cause, but it will serve to illustrate how man has dangerously upset the balance of nature in this Western country.

The result of all this "furious action" on the part of ambitious speculators is that we are now paying through our governments to undo most of the "work," which would be better termed "damage." The citizens of the West are unwittingly paying huge sums annually for the building of dams and cutting of canals to make up for the water shortage. And this leads me to a very sobering thought, and one which we Canadians might well ponder for the lesson it contains. For many years we have been abusing our natural resources. Now that we are becoming the supply house for England, we realize more than ever before the crucial importance of a sane and sensible policy with respect to the conservation of our inheritance. It will require the co-operation of our citizenry with our government, for this is a democratic country, and legislation is enacted in the main at the demand of the people. It is up to every one of us, then, to realize the need of conserving and restoring our natural resources, so that never again will we be able to say that "Man has his share in bringing about that great disaster from which we are still suffering—the drought."

Security

*Mother Nature's handmaidens, the trees
All glittering with the dewy hoar
Stand sentinel, untouched by human hand:
And high above their heads, tower*

*The mountains, tall, austere, foreboding,
Grey through the misty morning light,
Somehow lonely in isolation,
Sad, uncared for, yet, in their might*

*Suggesting grandeur, and time eternal,
Suggesting peace, and strengthening hands,
A bulwark against the warring world—
A haven of rest for troubled lands.*

—Carolyn Fennel

The Writers' Club

The Gordon Bell Writers' Club started off its third season in September 1940, with a membership of about sixty-five. This was a picked group, since this year Miss Anderson, our able and popular organizer, decided that only those who had the ability and the will to write should be allowed into the Club. Therefore, the students gathered in Room 21 for the inaugural meeting represented, as Mr. Jewitt remarked, "the elite of Gordon Bell."

At this meeting the following Club officers were decided upon by the members: Honorary President, Mr. O. V. Jewitt; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Professor A. L. Phelps and Mr. Charles Clay; Organizer, Miss M. Anderson; President, Jim D. Williamson; 1st Vice-President, Joan Ellacott; 2nd Vice-President, Dennis James; 3rd Vice-President, Mary Mustard; Secretary, Dave McKee; Treasurer, Edna Middleton. Other members of the executive were: Murray Howes, Alice Walker, John Graham, Jane Thompson, John MacKinnon, Joan Tucker, Megan Willows, Laurenda Francis.

During the season many well-known literary figures in Winnipeg gave short talks to the Writers' Club, enabling us to benefit by their knowledge, ability and experience. Among these were Professor A. L. Phelps, Mr. Charles Clay, Miss Doris Saunders, Dr. W. C. Graham, Professor Roy Daniels, Miss Defoe and Mr. C. V. Combe. These addresses were in addition to the

•• JIM WILLIAMSON

invaluable tips and pointers with which Miss Anderson frequently helped us in our literary efforts.

At the end of November, a magazine of some fourteen pages was published by the Gordon Bell Writers' Club. The staff of the "Writers' Wheezes", was made up from the Club executive and members' and the materials were written by the members. In the publication, articles, poems, sports and club write-ups, humor, short stories, etc., provided opportunities for the members to gain experience in writing. Literary contributions were called for from the Club and the best were printed in the magazine. In the spring, before the Club suspended operations, each member was required to write a short story of not more than 1,000 words. Later, these were to be entered in the Year Book literary contests.

Profits realized from the second annual "Writers' Romp" combined with other Club funds, enabled us to donate to the library subscriptions to certain magazines, to present Mr. Clay with a farewell token when he left for the East, and to donate \$25.00 to the War Services Fund.

In this manner the Writers' Club has endeavoured to keep up the Gordon Bell tradition of democracy and progressiveness in its clubs. We, the members of the 1940-41 Club, wish next year's group the best of luck and success in all its activities.

The Writers' Club



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Alumni Notes

The Gordon Bell Alumni Association has just passed through the most difficult year in the brief history since its organization, three years ago. The war has made serious inroads on our membership. Many of our members are now on active service with the Army, Navy and Air Force. Many of our members who are still at home have not been able to attend the social functions of the alumni due to their activity with various regiments or because their time has been taken up with other work.

However, there is an old saying that "every cloud has a silver lining;" and this applies to the Alumni. Though the social functions were not as well attended as in past years, we have more than made up this loss by doing much useful war work.

To the girls, the young women, must go the credit for the success of this war effort. This effort consisted of holding dances for the soldiers at which the young women acted as hostesses. Many of the young ladies who took part in this work believe that it should be known as war pleasure.

Many of Gordon Bell's finest athletes of past years are still showing the spirit that makes champions. They are showing it not only in the hockey rinks or on the football fields of the world but also in the air, on the land and on the sea in the biggest game of all time—the game where winner takes all.

It seems strange to many of us, who cheered or played on Gordon Bell teams of past years, to see the names of the members of these teams in the daily papers, concerning their activities with the Armed forces. We know that if they fight for victory as hard as they fought in the hockey rink or on the playing field, then victory will certainly be ours.

To Mr. O. V. Jewitt and his staff of teachers the Alumni would like to express its appreciation of the help they have given us in so many ways. To Mr. Edward Cancilla, the Alumni would like to give its thanks for a job well done. On the eve of your departure for active service with the Air Force, Eddie, we want you to know that you carry the best wishes of all former students of Gordon Bell for many "Happy Landings."

The Alumni also owes a vote of thanks to Miss Doris Raven and Mr. Alfred Sprange who have done much to pilot us through troublesome waters.

To the many students who graduate with the Class of 1941 the Alumni extends its best wishes for the future and an invitation to join and take an active part in future Alumni activities.

JAMES POWER, *Past President, Gordon Bell Alumni Association.*



With the Teachers

Co-operation! That is the pith and by-word of our teaching staff. That is the key-stone in the bridge between G.B. teacher and student. We can boast of a staff whose popularity is attested within and far without the school. We would do well to boast of it here, for this annual is as much a tribute to the understanding co-operation of all the staff—displayed in a hundred minute and varied ways—as to anything else.

In particular we would welcome three new teachers to our ranks.

To Mr. Walker, our indefatigable scientist, who is full to the collar of wit and ideas—to Mr. Leavens, whose classes of live study and dry humour are long remembered—to Mr. McIntyre, a wielder of words as pungent and keen and forceful as we can desire—we welcome you to G.B. and hope you will be with us for a long time

But we did not gain all this without some loss. It was with sincere regret that we bade farewell to Mr. Warren, an eleven-year member of our staff, when last fall he joined the R.C.A.F. If this should pass your eye, Mr. Warren, be assured that G.B. has missed you and looks forward to your early return.

Miss Blanchard, our school secretary, deserves more than mention here. She keeps the wheels at that axis of the school—the office—progressing smoothly and steadily on principles of co-operation and friendship. For all your innumerable services rendered personally to the editorial staff, we say Thank You, and wish you all continued success.

We of the year book and of the student body are proud to salute our teachers.



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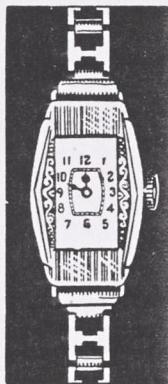
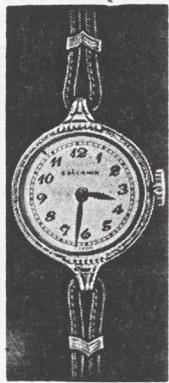
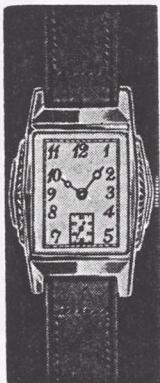
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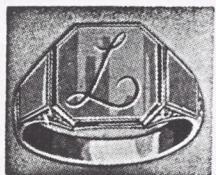


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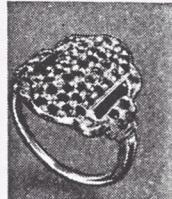
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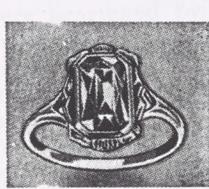


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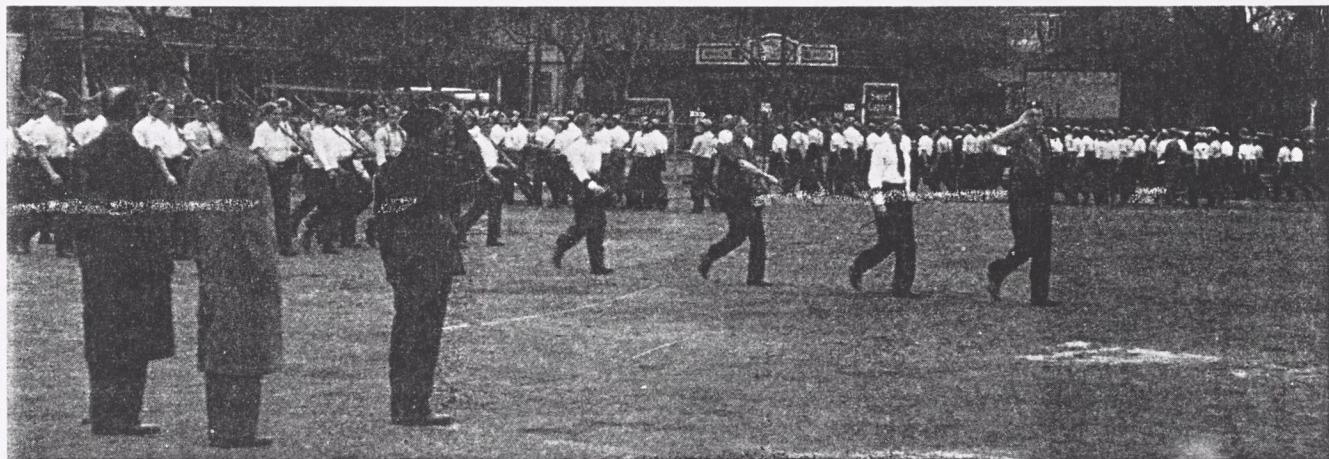
"Gordon Bell Cadet Corps: Atten-tion." With the first utterance of these words, cadet training began. Difficult it was to launch the corps along the road of its year's activities. From the start, Mr. Jewitt and his staff of instructor-teachers worked tirelessly to help it over the rocky stretches of its early training.

Foot drill and platoon drill occupied the attention of the battalion for the fall months. After cadet officers were appointed, the corps paraded every day. Gradually, leisurely steps quickened into rapid strides, sloppy movements became snappy. Day after day the corps drilled, and, under the watchful eyes of the instructors, grew steadily better. When the Winter snows arrived,

are inspected . . . The battalion marches off . . . roll call . . . comments by Lieutenant Hart . . . three rousing cheers for His Majesty, the King . . . battalion dismissed . . . The inspection satisfied all who took part; it was a job well done.

On May 11, the corps paraded to the Auditorium for the Youth Rally Service. Once more, the boys displayed great steadiness while on parade, and should be highly complimented. As we go to press, the battalion eagerly looks forward to the night of June 6; it is determined to make a good showing . . .

In the future, many difficulties must and shall be overcome, many improvements must and shall be made, many faults of the corps must and shall be remedied, until the Gordon Bell Cadet Corps will number among the best of the land.—*Bill Story*.



THE MARCH PAST

PICTURE BY JOHN WALLIS

it was no mere witticism to state that a terrific amount of "ground" had been covered in the fall months.

Winter brought new training. In particular, the Birmingham small arms rifle, tabbed as the B.S.A., occupied much of the corps' time. In addition to studying the rifle, each cadet had fired at least twenty rounds at the Minto Barracks before the Easter exams. Each cadet also received one period of P.T. and one of first-aid each week.

The dummy rifles finally arrived; with their arrival, Spring activities commenced in earnest. A sweeping reorganization of the corps took place, wherein all over-age men and all men belonging to other cadet corps were excluded from further cadet work. This action was necessary since none of them could appear at the inspection. After a complicated shuffle, the corps swung into grinding work, in preparation for the inspection. The weeks rolled regularly by . . .

The day arrived when even the coolest lieutenant began to sweat just a little under the collar . . . On a chilly day, the battalion forms up—long ranks of white-shirted privates, occasional khaki dots of senior officers . . . The inspecting officer arrives . . . Hands slap smartly to gun butts in the present arms . . . Lieutenant Hart inspects the ranks . . . the march past—swinging arms and the smart snap of heads right. Individual platoons demonstrate rifle drill, platoon drill, and physical training . . . The first aid and signalling squads

On the Margin (Continued from page 9)

copy-typing for our Year Book. We hope that she and they have not thrummed the ends off their fingers.

In the throes of financing this Year Book, the editors were heartened by the assistance of the girls conducting our candy sale at the Operetta. To all connected with it we give hearty thanks, and especially to Winona Churchill for her smooth and capable management . . . And lastly, granted that our sincere acknowledgment can add little if anything to the widespread reputation of the Stovel Company, we would still say "thank you" for the patience, and resourcefulness and personal interest the Stovel Company has shown towards us and our annual at all times.

* * *

Unfortunately, thanking and congratulating "ghosts" takes a lot of space. Ghosts, as you well know, spread themselves around. You find them everywhere. And this is true of the people who aided in creating this Year Book. If I had six more pages I might get around to thanking all these people. But since this is impossible, I will say simply: *To all who helped to make this Year Book, I extend my deepest thanks.*

* * *

I hope the nights will now be a little less disturbing. I have laid the ghosts.

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Social Snacks

The hors d'oeuvre on the social menu of the G.B. this year was a "Pumpkin Prom." Jimmy Carson and his assistant chefs served up this unusual musical dish, which delighted all.

As a reviving side-dish, served after mid-winter exams, the Christmas Concert whetted the appetites of weary students. Tangy, spicy, with a solid base of excellent choir-singing, the second course was topped off by a lively "Grand March" (led by Chief Dietitian Jewitt), and was trimmed with gay dancing.

A tasty third course, cooked up by the intellectuals of the school, was presented on January 17. The "Writers' Romp" was truly a feed crammed with the carbohydrates of fun. This course was merrily prepared by Jimmy Carson's cooks, and was skilfully served by the head-waiter of the evening, Glen Harrison. Everyone smacked his lips with satisfaction after partaking of this succulent fare.

On February 14, a special snack was whipped together by Room 16. It was called "Stunt Night," and was rich in the proteins of merriment. The culinary kings of this hilarious dish were many: Room 16 presided, as has been said, but Rooms 4, 5, 7, 15, 18 and 14 all had a soup-spoon in the pot. Contrary to tradition, the chefs, after paying for the ingredients used, had \$77.00 left to give to war charities. It was a profitable masterpiece of fun and frolic.

Although stern and disciplined, the cadets of the school had enough imagination to concoct a "Rookies' Rumpus," which they proudly laded up on February 18. It was a refreshing punch, smooth and cool, of the kind that cheers but not inebriates. Jimmy Carson and assistants cheerfully poured out the punch.

After dealing for a week in the colorful, spicy food of "The Gondoliers," the opera cast gratefully partook of the homely victuals spread before them on March 28. With this repast of pleasure-vitamins, the winter course of the year's social meal ended.

The girls of Room 4 then decided to raid the larder and prepare a delicious salad for student consumption. On April 25, their careful preparations were completed, and they rang the bell to summon all who wished to partake of their creation, which they christened "The Belle Hop." To the crisp lettuce of Claude Turner's music, the sauce of wit was quickly added, and everyone gaily munched on this fresh delicacy.

Girls usually prepare the meal; boys usually pay for it. But for once, the girls did both. The "Co-Ed Swing," served up on May 9, tasted wonderful to the boys; but the girls seemed to enjoy it, too, and couples devoured this unusual side-dish with great heartiness.

A refresher for tired Field Day competitors was taken cool from the icebox and was poured skilfully out by Reg. Kenney and his orchestra. Needless to say, everyone enjoyed it immensely.

We look hungrily forward to the night when all the delicate viands, spicy sauces, crisp salads, and smooth desserts of the social larder will be taken and spread upon the festal board. It will be the biggest feast of all—graduation dance.—*Winona Churchill*.

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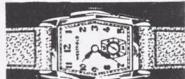
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"KELVIN YEAR BOOK" . . . *Kelvin High School*

Congratulations, Tom Lawson, for your amazingly fine painting. . . . This book is a little stiff, with not enough humour. A large literary section of fine quality. . . . Dare we say it? We have here an extremely conservative book—a little too much so, we believe.

"NEWTONIAN" . . . *Isaac Newton High School*

Once more those confounded ads kept hitting us in the eye. Oh well, we should talk, seeing what is occupying the other half of this page. . . . "Newtonia" has a rather sober literary section . . . subtle humour.

"PURPLE AND GOLD" . . . *Norwood Collegiate Institute*

The literary was all too short . . . snapping individual character sketches. . . . The humour section was long and on the whole lively . . . no candid shots. . . .

"FIRTH PARK SECONDARY SCHOOL MAGAZINE" . . .

Obviously, this book was produced on as little money as possible, which merits our respect. It is small and compact, and surprisingly complete.

"THE BREEZES" . . . *Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute*

Again we shout, "How about some candid shots?" . . . a "breezy" humour section . . . a novel idea in having various language articles. . . .

"THE BUGLE" . . . *Crescent Heights High School, Calgary*

Exceptionally well-arranged, with clear printing . . . terse, sparkling personal write-ups. . . . A smooth, light style of writing was maintained throughout. . . .

"NEW ERA" . . . *Brandon Collegiate Institute*

Fine individual character sketches . . . excellent humour is maintained throughout the whole book. . . . There are a few, amusing printing slips, but the book is well-constructed and is not too heavy and solemn.

"GOLD AND BLUE" . . . *Kitsilano High School, Vancouver*.

The best thing about this book is its superb candid camera section. The personal remarks also help to liven things up, but the appearance of the book is spoiled by scattered ads that pop up on some of the best pages.

"THE ENDEAVOUR" . . . *Dauphin Collegiate Institute*

Unity was destroyed by breaking up articles, poems, and stories, and continuing them on other pages . . . compact writeups. . . . The humour was excellent and was sprinkled liberally on many different pages.

"RHODERIAN" . . . *Cecil Rhodes High School*

A splendid cover . . . not enough literary . . . the personal write-ups were very sweet . . . a small book, but well composed. . . . Not nearly enough humour. . . .

"THE TORCH" . . . *St. John's High School*

Our prize for the flashiest cover . . . an imaginative and forceful editorial . . . However, one or two candid-camera pages would pep it up a bit. . . . This is the best arranged book we have received. . . .

King Edward High School, Vancouver . . .

Ads all at the back, but how do you get away with it? Photography excellent . . . exceptional layout . . . would suggest smoother paper for clearer engravings . . . otherwise, for a well-balanced, all-round book this takes our cake. . . .—Peggy Dwyer.

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Red Cross



Back Row, Left to Right—AILEEN HOWES, HILDUR THORSTEINSON, BARBARA DICKSON, MURIEL VANSTONE, DOROTHY NESBITT, JOAN HANBURY.

Front Row—MARION HAYWARD, EVELYN BESSEY, BETTY CRUSE, AUDREY DIXON, ANNA MACDONELL.

Swastika and the flag of mercy. Slop-slop of a sentry's muddy boots and the quick merciful step of a Red Cross nurse. The two ideas are locked with one another. We cannot think of war without picturing a Red Cross flag straining in the winds of war.

Sometimes we are apt to forget that the Junior Red Cross branch in our school is as near to the war as that. But it is. Our girls are at war—perhaps in an

even more immediate and practical sense than our student cadets.

Came September last. With the cadets' first-days-tramping the girls organized themselves. Thirteen groups of workers was a big boost to our community war effort. Distribution of materials under Miss Swanson and the room representatives was quick and efficient.

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Snow fell. The girls settled down to the long winter pull. But not to monotony. The energy and resourcefulness of the Red Cross groups kept minds and feet and hands lively as quicksilver. Many ways of supporting the Red Cross came to light.

For instance, think back to an average Red Cross period. You are strolling along the halls. What do you see? Room 1, industriously penning raffle tickets; Room 4, gingerly marshalling Christmas cards for sale; Room 5, scurrying around selling pictures of "handsome" rugby heroes; Rooms 7 and 9, busy as hives over candy sales; Room 8, making mountains of warm clothing; Rooms 11 and 12, up and in harness, knitting and discussing; Room 13, adroitly stringing macaroni for beads; Room 16, in a flutter over a highly successful dance and candy sale; Room 18, eagerly forecasting a tea; Room 20, packing bulging parcels of wearables; Room 23, clacking their needles in time with their swing music. And at the backs of their enterprising minds the girls knew that they were "doing their bit" for the men in battle. They were proud.

And they had reason to be. They donated \$58.00 to the Junior Red Cross alone, and more again to other war services organizations. Their knitted articles amounted to 100 pieces, including 25 afghans. Completed work numbered 845 articles.

Then there was the Junior Red Cross convention. Representatives of fifteen schools—urban and rural—met in the Civic Auditorium to exchange ideas, give reports, and ask questions. The chairman stated that the primary aim of our organization was, of course,

the production of wearing apparel for the men. But, almost as important a fact, the Junior Red Cross is an organization to maintain morale through a spirit of action in schools and homes.

And the Red Cross periods meant action. We, the girls of the Junior Red Cross, realized the work we were doing for ultimate victory. This realization made our enjoyment all the greater.

Now we are graduating. For many of us, this is our last year in school. We will, of course, carry away with us a store of memories. Not least among them will be our membership in a responsible organization that taught us to think of others more often. But we will take more than memories. The Junior Red Cross has given us a keener realization of the sacrifices we must make. And it has given us a new sense of responsibility that we will use not only to win victory but also to hold it.

The flag of mercy has met the challenge of the swastika. Soon the slop-slop of a sentry's muddy boots will fade entirely behind the merciful step of the "lady with the lamp."—Betty Cruse.



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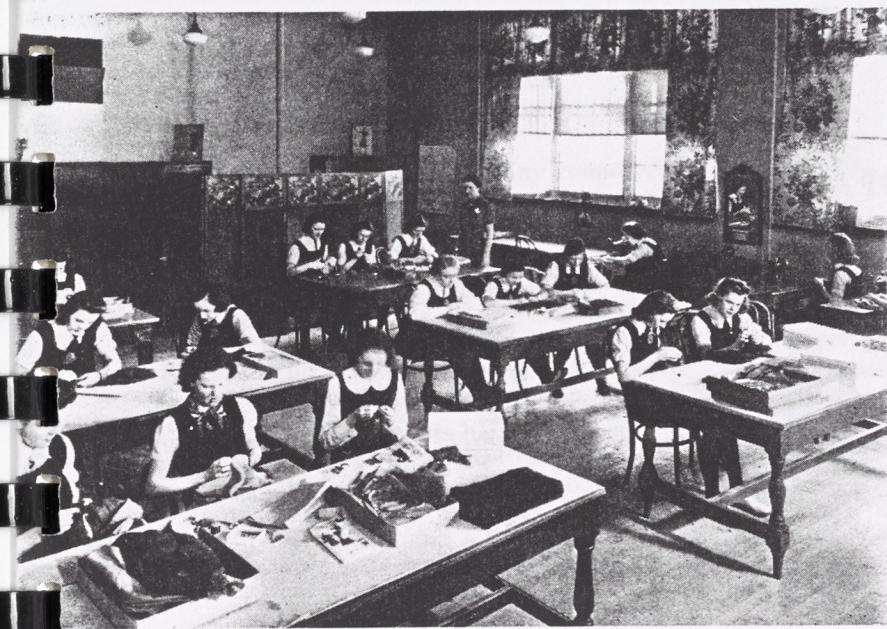
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Home



A country of wilderness and Indians; a tangled forest crowding up against the thin wood palisade; and inside that palisade a cabin of fresh logs. Comes a muffled rasp. The young pioneer's wife is carding the first wool-clippings. Outside in a cracked clay oven, fat loaves are roasting over a smoky fire.

Such were the rude Household Arts of our forefathers.

How changed today! Glance into these pictures, listen to the girls discussing "pleated skirts and slick shirt-waist blouses, colours and mood-tones" and, in the same breath, the strength and cost of fabrics, their warmth and healthful qualities. Hear them planning dishes—spiced, arranged, and appetizing, and, at the same time, wholesome, energy-giving. This modern, skilled

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Economics

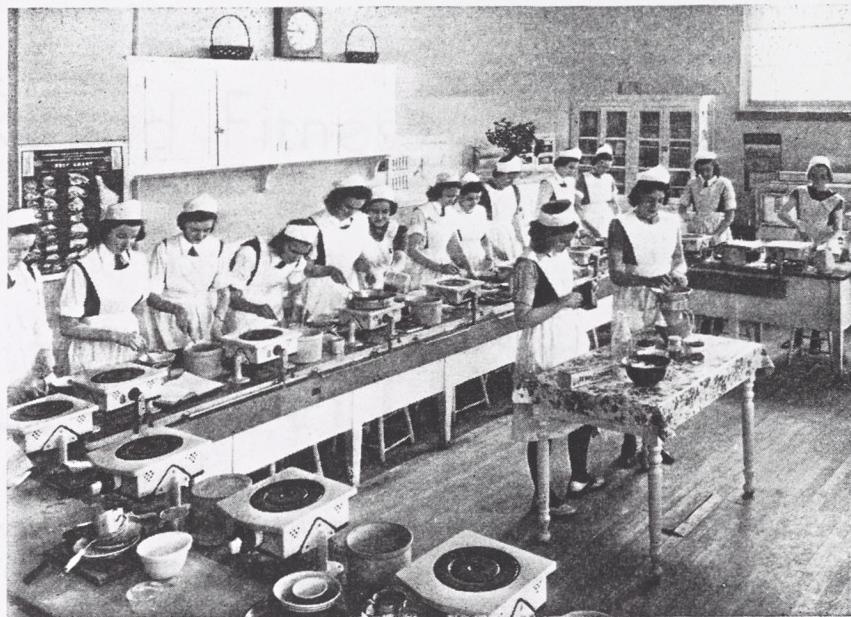
instruction is the foundation of modern homes.

It is the foundation of many commercial careers as well. Daily demands for new menus and new fashions, call for imaginative cooks and designers.

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Yes, Household Arts have progressed far since the days of wool-carding and clay ovens. It is taught in our school as the foundation not only of homes, but of uncounted vocations and a world of creative ideas.

—*Mary Mustard*



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Wise and Otherwise

EDITORS' VIEWS

Laurenda Francis—Some of these jokes we have seen before, others we haven't seen yet.

Jack Brickenden—I wanted to include a joke about oil but the others said that it was not refined.

Lorne Cruse—Any resemblance to jokes good or bad is purely coincidental.

* * *

Ted Brownell. I could dance like this forever.

Joan Ellacott. Oh, don't say that. You're bound to improve.

* * *

Ann Ronald. Don put his arm around me four times last night.

Lucille Symes. Gosh, what an arm.

* * *

M. Grant. How did you get on with him?

Carolyn Fennel. He behaved like a perfect gentleman.

Marnie Grant. Yes, I found him rather dull too.

* * *

Marguerite Macdonald. I thought I told you to come after supper.

Doug McCawley. That's what I came after.

* * *

Zoe Vlassis, indignantly after the crash. I turned the way I signalled.

Mr. Simms. I know, that's what fooled me.

* * *

Three strong, silent men in a milk bar.

Fred Harper. What's your's Bill?

B. Bowman. Chocolate Shake.

F. Harper. And yours Jack?

J. Bowman. A milk cocktail.

Freddy. Make mine plain please, I'm driving.

* * *

That's me all over, said the suicide jumping out a 30-storey window.

* * *

Betty James. Is my dress too short?

Ralph Mawford. Either it's too short or you're in it too far.

* * *

John Mackinnon. Mr. Jewitt says he is going to stop smoking in the school.

Dennis James. Yeah, next thing you know he'll be asking us to stop, too.

* * *

Found on Gordon Cannem's registration card:

Name of Parents—Mama and Papa

* * *

Police Officer. Say, where's the fire?

Peggy Dwyer. In your eyes you great big gorgeous policeman.

Anna Macdonell. Now suppose at your post one dark night a person appears from behind and wraps two arms around you so you can't use your rifle. What would you say?

Cadet Major Gerry. Let go, honey.

* * *

Cupid may be a good shot, says "Doc" Chown, but he makes some awful Mrs.

* * *

A T. A. A. original. Our modern warfare is so efficient that if an army passes over a country on Monday, the Archaeologists begin to dig on Friday.

* * *

E. Middleton. As an editor is Dave McKee very particular?

John Graham. "Particular" is putting it mildly; he even kicks if a period is upside down.

* * *

Evesdropping again eh? said Adams as his wife fell out of a tree.

* * *

Jim Williamson. You have a nice collection of books but you should have more shelves.

Dave McKee. Yes, but nobody seems to lend me any shelves.

* * *

Norm Cleveland. Mr. Snider what's this you wrote at the end of my paper?

Mr. Snider. It's just a note telling you to write more clearly next time.

* * *

Virginia Warren. Jack Sutherland has an installment moustache.

"Big" Bill Hanbury. How's that?

Virginia. Oh, a little down each week.

* * *

Bob Jarman. Can you lend me a five for a week, old man.

Grant Munroe. Who is the weak old man?

* * *

Mary had a little lamp,
She filled it with benzine.
She went to light her little lamp,
And she hasn't since benzine.

* * *

Winona Churchill. Is the church you go to very small.

Mary Quinton. I'll say, every time the preacher says, "dearly beloved," I feel like it's a proposal.

* * *

Guess who? I'm going to sell kisses at a Charity Bazaar tonight. Do you think a dollar is too much?

Helen Rankin. No, I don't think so, people expect to be cheated at those affairs anyway.

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Autographs



